Circulation Last Week, 110,000.

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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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VOLUME LVII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1889. NUMBER 33.

"Nasby's" Last and Greatest Story.

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The Demagogue

by D R Locke

D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER III.

CALEB'S EDUCATION PROGRESSES.

CALEB MASON proved a quick student. The mystery of the English alphabet was soon solved, and in what was deemed a marvelously short time he "learned to spell in 'baker,'" as the phrase went in the backwoods. The old blue-covered spelling-book of Noah Webster was the only one used in those days, and the first table of words in two syllables began with that word; hence, to say that a child could "spell in 'baker,'" meant that he was able to spell and pronounce at sight in words of two syllables, and was fit for promotion to a regular reader. The spelling-book was one that had been in the Mason cabin ever since Caleb could remember, though Heaven knows how it ever came there; and when the boy reached "baker" his mother traded a quantity of white beans, the product of the crop she had planted among the corn the previous summer, to the village blacksmith for a dog's-eared copy of McGuffey's Second Reader, that had been used by his children who had "quit school;" and it was this volume and the Webster's spelling-book that Caleb got his winter's instruction.

The boy for a long time did not feel at home in the school-house. The children all looked at him with thinly-veiled contempt, as one inferior to themselves; for was he not of the despised Masons? Upon the play-ground he was the equal of the boys, as his skill and quickness at "town-ball" led to his being among the first taken when the two leaders "chose up" for a game; and he was among the best in the other sports in which the boys indulged at the noon recess. But not one of the girls ever spoke to him. He was a pariah, and he felt it. But he had a dogged determination that he would learn, and though the girls sneered at him, and the boys only tolerated him because he was a good player. Caleb went on steadily to school during the winter. The desire to learn was stronger than the unpleasant surroundings of the school-room.

Mr. Whitmore observed the boy narrowly, and saw something in him that made him hunger and thirst to get at him. He had an idea, based on the boy's appearance and general make-up, that some day he should have trouble with him, and he longed to have the battle-royal take place. He felt a delight in conquering youth, though he was compelled to restrain his inclinations. The sons of the leading men in the neighborhood had to be treated with some consideration, for he wanted to keep his place; and the wrist-twisting with them had to be accomplished only when he had provocation so clear as to make it absolutely safe and beyond question. But this young Mason was a proper subject to operate upon, and an entirely safe one. A boy bearing the name of Mason could not be a good boy, and whatever was done against him must be the proper thing to do. The general reputation of the family made it entirely safe to twist the wrist, or even the neck, of any one of the brood. Therefore, when a stout boy named Mason, with a rebellious eye and a sturdy form, was at hand, Mr. Whitmore determined to enjoy the pleasure of half-killing him at the first opportunity. But the forced isolation of Caleb inside the school-room gave him no opportunity of entering into mischief with the other scholars, and the term was nearly over before Whitmore was able to find the opportunity. It came in this way.

There was a gorge of ice in the creek, which ran its course within forty rods of the school-house, just above the rickety bridge that spanned the turbulent stream. The winter had been a very hard one, and the ice in the creek was unusually thick. The spring sun had breathed upon the mass, and the released waters had given it life. It was moving down in great fields, borne along by that portion of it that had been changed back into water, and at the bend in the creek, just above the bridge, the mass was caught and held, the ice coming down stream till the gorge towered high in the air. The fields covered hundreds of square rods. When the sun should weaken the support that held the enormous mass of ice, and it should swing into the current, nothing could prevent its taking out the bridge, as well as many barns and sheds that were near the brink of the stream.

There is nothing so merciless as ice, and nothing that has its strength and power of destructiveness, except the water that gives it power for evil. It has no choice but to be destructive. The best work of human hands cannot resist its merciless weight, nor can any barrier that man can erect stay the flow of the flood that bears this terrible mass of power.

The school was in high glee. They looked out of the windows and saw the men of the township working lustily with axes to loosen the mass in pieces, and get it below the bridge, so as to save the structure, to the end of avoiding a tax for a new one. The younger ones trembled as they noted the efforts the men were making, fearing that they should be cheated out of the sight of the destruction of the bridge; but the older ones were calm and content; for they felt that all this effort was for nothing. They knew that the great gorge could not be so disposed of. They knew that the bridge must go, and all they feared was that the ice would move before the 10 o'clock recess and they thus be deprived of the full glory of the scene. It would have broken their hearts to have got only the meagre view of it that the school-house windows afforded; and they knew that Whitmore would take a grim delight in keeping them prisoners until after it was over, if possible. "He never wants us to enjoy ourselves," growled the larger scholars in whispers; "I'll lick him if I ever get big enough." Mr. Whitmore was laying up a competency of "lickings" for his old age.

Fortunately for the boys, 10 o'clock came and the bridge was still standing, though the mountain of ice, weakened by the rays of the sun, was quivering as if impatient to get away and begin its work of devastation. With a whoop of delight the school poured out, and every foot, big and little, was directed to the bridge. They were not a moment too soon. The great mass quivered a moment, there was a sullen plunge, a terrible slide, and the mountain, lifted by the enormous force of the wild waste of water was afloat, tearing and grinding cake against cake, as if in warfare with itself, and as if each were eager to be the first at the doomed pier.

It was a terrible sight. Detached cakes of ice, the skirmishers of the main body, assaulted the pier viciously, tearing off corners of stone, where the masonry was the worst, and taking out pieces of timber, and then succumbing to the will of its master, the quiet water below, which was really doing the mischief, but making no display about it, floated swiftly down the stream, either to join some great mass, or to continue as guerrillas against bridges further down, as the treacherous sun which gave it both life and death should determine.

The great mass followed slowly, but with all the more force from its slowness. It swept the pier against the pier. There was a noiseless crumbling, the pier succumbed and disappeared under the water, the bridge sank down in the middle, and broke, the two pieces sinking upon the great ice field and moving off down the stream.

"Blast it!" was the exclamation of the men, who foresaw a heavy tax for a new bridge.

"Hurrah!" shouted the boys, who had seen the greatest sight vouchsafed to them since they were born.

In the waiting for the final catastrophe, in the intensity of the excitement, the scholars had forgotten that they had long outstayed the fifteen minutes they were allowed for recess. The angry bell of the irate school master had been ringing at intervals in vain. They did not hear it, and it would have made no difference if they had. Inside a school house, when the ice was going out, and a bridge was going down stream? Nonsense! But when the ice had gone, and had taken the bridge with it, reason returned. With a rush they went back to the school house and took their seats.

CALEB

There was a storm brewing, which, had it been ice, would have carried off forty bridges. The scholars noticed Whitmore flogging his ruler uneasily, and knew what portended. Finally it came: "Caleb Mason, Sam Smith, Peter Jenkins, come here!"

The boys named left their seats and came slowly up to the front of the desk. "Why didn't you come when you heard the bell?"

"I didn't hear it," replied Caleb Mason, very pale.

"Why didn't you hear it?"

"We were all watchin' the bridge."

"I'll 'bridge' you!" was the angry response, as Whitmore, with more activity than any man with one leg was entitled to, darted from behind his desk, and attempted to seize Mason by his wrist. He was disappointed. The boy, as nimble as a squirrel, evaded him and stood in a defiant posture in the middle of the room.

"Come here, you scoundrel!" roared the irate master.

"I won't! I won't be pounded unless you pound the rest! Call up Sam Starkweather, Bill Gibbs and the rest of the rich boys, and all the school. There won't none of us mind it, each when the bell rung, and when you call the rest up I'll come!"

A little girl in pantalettes and long yellow curls had arisen and was watching the scene with a very curious look on her half-scared face.

"He wasn't any more to blame than we all were!" shrieked the little thing, her honest eyes blazing with excitement.

"Sarah Jane, take your seat, or I'll attend to you!" roared Whitmore, springing upon the boy. Missing his wrist, he seized him by the collar of his very miserable coat, which had been his father's until it got too ragged to cover the old man. It was a mistake that Mr. Whitmore made. The boy slipped out of the coat like an eel, leaving it in the schoolmaster's hands. Then making a bold and vigorous dash, he tripped up the schoolmaster, who fell heavily, and with his wooden leg out of place, was unable to rise. Another quick movement and Caleb had possessed himself of the heavy ruler, and if ever schoolmaster was belabored, Mr. Whitmore was that schoolmaster.

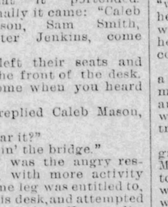
"Good! good!" shrieked the little girl, clapping her hands.

It was a dangerous victory the boy had achieved. For Mr. Whitmore did manage to get his leg under him, and rising, confronted the boy, whose pride would not permit him to run. Caleb stood on the defensive, his eyes blazing with excitement. Mr. Whitmore regarded him for a moment as a philosophic tiger might regard an antelope, waiting a moment to decide which part to sink its teeth into first, and sprung upon him. He must catch his boy before he could flog him. He had him fast in an instant. He regained his ruler and gathered the boy together, as it were, that he might beat him to advantage. He bore him to the floor, the boy looking up into his face as pale as a sheet, but with clenched teeth and compressed lip, a most dangerous foe even when helpless.

Mr. Whitmore had the ruler raised high in the air, when there was a diversion. The little girl who had protested against the punishment at the beginning, flung herself out of her seat, and knelt upon the prostrate boy, covering him so that the descending ruler would strike her, not him.

"Get away from here, you vixen!" roared Whitmore.

"I won't!" screamed the miniature Pocahontas. "He ain't to blame any more than all the rest of us! You shan't pound him unless you pound us all! I won't have it! I'll tell my pa!"



SARAH

Caleb Mason looked up through his rags into the flashing eyes of the little beauty, and felt as if he could endure any amount of pounding if it would do her any good. But Whitmore was not to be defrauded of his pleasure. With one hand he flung the little thing aside, and with the other he proceeded to belabor the boy. For once he had his hands full. The boy was as strong as a bull and as active as a panther, and besides he had an inspiration in the little girl who had pitied him. He twisted and wriggled to his feet, he twisted and wriggled out of his shirt, by which Whitmore held him, and seizing a heavy stick of wood dealt the teacher a blow that staggered him—the little Dunlap girl crazy with delight, and clapping her hands with joy as she saw the tyrant worsted; and then Caleb, hurling the stick at Whitmore with such sure aim that it felled him to the floor, darted out of the door and made his way home.

"I guess this ends my education," thought Caleb to himself, "but I've whaled old Whitmore. That's with suthin'."

An intense excitement resulted from this scholastic encounter. The school directors was puzzled what action to take. Had it been the Mason boy alone, it would have been plain sailing. They would have expelled the daring boy, and raised the salary of the teacher, for in any dispute in which a Mason was involved, the Mason must inevitably be in the wrong. But the little Sarah Dunlap had raised up a powerful friend for the despised boy. Old Seth Dunlap, her father, was a very wealthy and influential man, and a just one, who loved his little girl as he loved nothing else on earth. She, child-like, had championed the boy to her father, which she probably would not have done had she been sixteen instead of ten—for girls get wise as men do, when the have years, and she would have discovered that it is always easier to let the poor and oppressed remain poor and oppressed rather than to take the trouble to raise them. But being a child, with a child's idea of justice, and not realizing the fact that a shabby coat bars the wearer from all human sympathy, she told the story as it was, cried over the woes of the boy and denounced the wickedness of the master.

Farmer Dunlap was not only a just man, but he was delighted with the spirit his little girl displayed; and he took up the cudgels for the boy against the master.

"It's a blasted shame," he said, "that a boy should be selected to be pounded, just because he's poor, for seein' the bridge go off, when all the rich men's sons were let off. I won't have it. Whitmore is a brute. The Masons ain't just what they should be, but I never heard anything agin this particklar Mason."

Then the fathers of the poor boys, finding they had the countenance of one rich man, rallied and made such head against the wrist-twisting schoolmaster that he found it expedient to resign, and another reigned in his stead.

This was the beginning of the loves of Caleb Mason and Sarah Dunlap. The friendless boy with the great eyes was profoundly affected by the heroism of the little girl, and from that day forward he took great delight in showing it. He followed her home, and if other boys tormented her, as boys will, Caleb, with his strong fists and ready fists, put them to flight. If there was a bird nest he thought she would like, there was no tree so tall that the human squirrel would not climb it and get it. And flowers! The woods were full of them that summer, and the number of bouquets—he did not call them bouquets, but nosegays—that found their way to her was astonishing. And sometimes the fearless little beauty would transport him into the seventh heaven by stopping and talking with him.

"Caleb," she said to him once, "you are a good boy; why don't you get some good clothes and be like the rest of the boys, that ain't half so good as you? There ain't one of 'em as good as you are."

"I'm goin' to," he answered proudly, "when I get big enough and get away from here. Why, Sarah, you don't think I'm always goin' to live in this way, do you? I'll hev clothes and hosses, and money and a covered buggy."

At this assertion of his coming greatness, a covered buggy being owned by but one man in the county, Sarah laughed pleasantly, and remarking that she hoped he would take her out riding when he got it, tripped lightly away.

Boys have jealousies, as men have. The growing fondness of Sarah Dunlap for Caleb Mason was observed, and it subjected him to great annoyances from the others. They would surround him and pull the old hat, which had once done duty for his father, from his head. They would bring down their sturdy iron-shod boots upon his bare feet, and they would hustle and beat him. This when there were five or more of them together.

One day Caleb met one of his persecutors alone. The boy trembled at first at finding himself face to face with Caleb, but observing that he was within call of help, he felt reassured. Caleb approached him cordially, and entered into cheerful conversation with him, after the manner of boys who are on good terms. It turned upon the prospects of the watermelon crop, and the facilities for entering the principal patches. Especially they dwelt gloomily upon the fact that old Sampsell, who owned the best orchard in the country, had procured a bull dog of wonderful strength of jaw and of such ferocity that the chewing up of a boy in a second would be play for him.

Finally Caleb, in the strictest confidence, informed young Squires that down in Roe's lumber yard he had found a muskrat hole, which, by stopping up the river end, could be got at without trouble, and proposed that they should go down and investigate it.

The Squires boy was eager enough to go, for what has such delight for a boy as a muskrat hole, with the certainty of getting wet, without any possibility of getting the muskrat? But a sudden misgiving seized him. He remembered that he was the ringleader in the last raid that had been made upon Caleb.

"Will ye play fair, Caleb? Ye don't want to get me away all alone, and—"

"Sho!" replied Caleb, with a re-assuring smile, "all our little shindies wuz fun, wan't they? I don't kerry sich things a minnit. Come on."

Thus re-assured, young Squires accompanied him to the lumber yard.

It was a delightful place for boys. The long piles of lumber, twenty or thirty feet high, with narrow alleys between, made it as pleasant a place for play as could be desired. Down through the narrow alleys Caleb dived, followed by Squires, till they were exactly in the centre. They were as completely out of the world as though they were in the middle of the great Sahara desert.

Caleb stopped, the pleasant expression died out of his face, and in its stead came a sternness that boded no good to his companion.

"Caleb!" shrieked the boy, as he noted the change.

"Sim," calmly said Caleb, approaching him, "you want to git your coat off as quick as ever ye kin—I ain't got no coat to take off—and ye want to brace yerself for the wust lickin' you ever got, or ever are a goin' to git. I'm goin' to go through ye like a dose uv salts."

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As it was of no use to postpone the punishment, Simeon announced himself as ready, and Caleb, to use his own phrase, "sailed in." It was not a long encounter. Caleb smote him hip and thigh. He pounded his face until it had no resemblance to a face. Then he kicked him from his shoulders down, and finally, tired of punishing him, gave him one contemptuous kick with the remark:

"Now, Sim, ye hev had your grooel, and I want to say one thing to you. I am goin' to serve every one of them other boys the same way, and you want to keep yer mouth shut. Don't you put 'em on ther guard. If you tell one of 'em that it wuz me that whaled you, I'll half kill yoo, ef I hev to drag you outen Sunday school to do it. If you keep still, I'll let yoo alone after this. If you blow on me, I'll kill yoo. Ye know me. I ain't got nothin' to lose in these parts, and I'd as soon kill a boy or two as not. Will ye keep yer mouth shut?"

Never was there a promise made more freely, and never was one kept more devoutly. Simeon had two reasons for keeping his word sacredly. He did not want been plain sailing. They would have expelled the daring boy, and raised the salary of the teacher, for in any dispute in which a Mason was involved, the Mason must inevitably be in the wrong. But the little Sarah Dunlap had raised up a powerful friend for the despised boy. Old Seth Dunlap, her father, was a very wealthy and influential man, and a just one, who loved his little girl as he loved nothing else on earth. She, child-like, had championed the boy to her father, which she probably would not have done had she been sixteen instead of ten—for girls get wise as men do, when the have years, and she would have discovered that it is always easier to let the poor and oppressed remain poor and oppressed rather than to take the trouble to raise them. But being a child, with a child's idea of justice, and not realizing the fact that a shabby coat bars the wearer from all human sympathy, she told the story as it was, cried over the woes of the boy and denounced the wickedness of the master.

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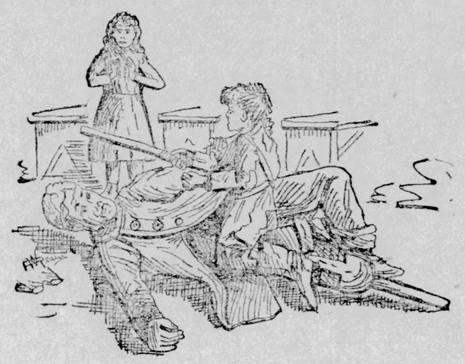

A BATTLE-ROYAL—WHITMORE AT A DISADVANTAGE.

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Never was there a promise made more freely, and never was one kept more devoutly. Simeon had two reasons for keeping his word sacredly. He did not want to come to him after having sheltered and been rejected by his six elder brothers. And yet he had aspirations; and he would stand outside and swear great oaths that he would be one of them yet.

There was no possibility, seemingly, of his ever coming within range of the girl he loved. Sarah Dunlap was just as much above him as her father was above old Sol Mason. Even in democratic America there is something in blood and descent. The Dunlaps had come of a long line of excellent people, of fore-handed people, of people who always paid their way, and had something to the good; the men always zealous in matters of church and state, and the women always prominent in matters which women manage. It was with a great deal of pride that Seth Dunlap referred to the fact that an ancestor of his came over in the Mayflower. It was more than likely that it was all a fiction, but Seth Dunlap believed it, and a very good thing it is to believe. The Pilgrims set the tone of the Mayflower, and every one of them felt bound so to live as not to disgrace the memory. It is a good thing to be descended from somebody, for it keeps the family at least up to that level.

On the other hand, Mason came of a race of drunkards and shiftless people. There never had been a Mason who could take pride in anything. The young Caleb, if he could have known anything of his ancestry would have gazed back through a long line of drunkards, the poor-house and penitentiary coming in at altogether too frequent intervals; and occasionally there was a blotch of blood on the family escutcheon, backed by a gallows. There was nothing behind for the boy—the family name had yet to be made.

A boy from such a family has a hard time, necessarily. The name of Dunlap inspires confidence, and a Dunlap could be a rogue easily and with profit, for the men gave him credit. But the young Mason was handicapped from the beginning. The sins of a long line of ancestors were piled upon his back, and he had not only his own imperfections to carry, but the misdoings of a long line of misdoing ancestors.

Seth Dunlap would no more have permitted Caleb Mason to enter his doors as an invited guest than he would have had a sick calf in his barn-yard, or a spavined horse in front of his wagon. The name was synonymous with everything that was vile, and what was worse than vile, "shiftless." Seth Dunlap hated a bad man, but combine badness with unthrift, and he wanted none of him.

Caleb Mason, at the mature age of 14, was a philosopher and schemer. He did not indulge in reveries in the school-house, in the woods, and by his father's wretched fireside, for nothing. He acknowledged the justice of the verdict of the world, and never questioned it. The point with him was to overcome it in his own person.

Sarah Dunlap did not share the dislike the community had for the boy. It is true she was afraid of the name, but the boy himself she delighted in. He was so much brighter than the heavy respectables who could speak to her, and he knew so much more, and was so superior physically and mentally, that she would have been glad to have him as her friend if she had dared to. But the reputation of the family killed that.

Still Caleb Mason did succeed in getting an invitation to the house of Seth Dunlap, and did work himself into the good graces of the father. How? We shall see.

A very deep though narrow stream ran back of the school house through the sloping meadows, down to the river, where, after vexing the banks and fretting itself and them away, it yielded up its existence in that of its larger stream. It was not more than twelve or fifteen feet wide, but it was very deep, and the current at this point, where it swept through Dunlap's meadow, was very swift. To make a short cut from the school house to the Dunlap dwelling, a slab had been laid across the wicked stream, and it was the habit of Sarah, after school hours, to trip through the meadow and across the stream on this slab, saving thereby a long detour by the road. The frail bridge was a long way from the house, and completely concealed from mortal view, a clump of trees hiding it from the house, and a considerable stretch of woods covering it from the school house.

One afternoon Caleb was not at school, which did not frequently happen. Where was he? He might have been seen down at the slab, armed with a saw, and a very bad saw; but the best one the Masons had, and that had been borrowed from somebody years before, and never returned. The boy had exerted all his strength, and dragged the slab upon the shore, and turned it over with the flat side down, he took his saw and cut it carefully, almost off, so that it would just bear its own weight, but break surely if any other weight was put upon it. Then he put it back in position, and took his saw home, stealthily entering the wood-shed, keeping carefully concealed under his tattered coat, and a little before four he sauntered down to the meadow till he was behind the trees near the little bridge.

He had not long to wait. There was a shout and a "hooray" as the school was dismissed, and the children, after the usual horse-play, dispersed, each for his or her respective home.

Over the fence and down toward the bridge came Sarah, wearing a red hood, no redder than her pretty cheeks, with her yellow hair streaming in the wind, and her books in a strap swinging before her. Close behind her was another girl of her own age. The latter was apparently going home with her, and there was evidently a race between them, the little bridge being the goal.

This did not suit Caleb at all.

"'Spose'n Emily Marston gits onto that slab fust! I shel hev to pull her out, and she is rumnin' mighty well. I don't want to pull her out. No; Sarah is ahead, and gainin' every jump. It's better, ef she strikes it fust, than though Emily wuzn't here. Sing! see me do the trick!"

It resulted as he wished. In a minute Sarah had gained twenty feet on her laughing rival, and was on the bank of the creek. She did not relax her speed, but gave one jump and was on the frail bridge. There was a group, a parting, a shriek from the girl in the water, a response from the girl in the embrace, a shriek from the girl on the bank, as her friend disappeared under the dark water.

Then what happened? Why, the strong and lithe figure of Caleb appeared from behind the trees; there was a plunge into the water. He disappeared for a moment—the young cub could swim like a muskrat—he reappeared with the body of the insensible girl on his arm, and after swimming a few strokes he reached the bank some rods below, and, grasping a willow, was safe, holding on to the tree with one hand, and holding the insensible girl with the other.

"Run to the house," he yelled to the affrighted girl on the bank, "and bring help! I can't hold her but a minute!"

The girl sped back to the school-house, and Caleb remarked to himself, "It is all right. I shel stay here till somebody comes and pulls me out, if its till to-morrer mornin. The water ain't very cold, and I kin stand it, and she'll hev to."

Then he looked for the slab, and saw with great satisfaction that both sections were out of sight, and before anybody would reach him would be a long way beyond human finding.

The scheme worked admirably, and surely fate smiled upon the bold and daring youth. For who should be at the school house, when Emily Marston reached it, but farmer Dunlap himself, who had stopped on his way from the village to take his little darling home in his wagon? When the affrighted girl told him that Sarah was drowned, he flew across the meadow with all the speed parental love lent him, and arrived in time to find his daughter recovered her senses, and crying lustily on the arm of Caleb Mason, who was assuring her there was no danger. He pulled them both out, and was more than pleased to find that nothing worse than a wetting had resulted.

And he rushed them across to the school house where his wagon was, and would hear of nothing but Caleb's going with him; and when he reached there, Mother Dunlap changed the wet clothes of her daughter, and farmer Dunlap clad Caleb in a suit of his own. Then he asked how it happened.

"I don't know," replied Caleb, looking as honest as ever boy did. "I was in the woods, and saw Sarah and Emily Marston runnin' down to the bridge, and Sarah jumped onto it, and it parted, and I jumped in and dove and ketched her, and pulled her up, and kep' her up, holdin' onto the willows, and told Emily to go and get somebody to help us out."

"The slab hez been there nigh onto ten years, and I s'pose it rotted off. It wuz keerless in me. Well, young feller, it wuz bold in you, and great in you to risk your life for my little gal. I don't talk much, but, young feller, it wuz the best minit's work you ever did."

And Farmer Dunlap regarded him with a great deal of curiosity, and remarked to himself, "Ef he wuzn't a Mason!"

This is how Caleb got his footing in the Dunlap house.

CALEB REBELS.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Simple Relief for Lung Troubles.

During a visit to the home of a most estimable lady living on Indian river, this editor was told of a discovery that had been made which may prove a boon to sufferers from lung or bronchial troubles. The lady, having heard that there was peculiar virtue in a pillow made from pine straw, and having none of that material at hand, made one from fine, soft, pine shavings, and had the pleasure of noting immediate benefit. Soon all the members of the household had pine shavings pillows, and it was noticed that all coughs, asthmatic or bronchial troubles abated at once after sleeping a few nights on these pillows. An invalid suffering with lung trouble derived much benefit from sleeping upon a mattress made from pine shavings. The material is cheap and makes a very pleasant and comfortable mattress, the odor of the pine permeating the apartment and absorbing or dispelling all unpleasant or objectionable odors.—*Cocoa (Fla.) Spirit.*

Anxiety to Receive Letters.

"I wonder more and more all the time," said an old letter carrier, "what makes people so anxious to get a letter. If a person is expecting to receive a challenge to fight a duel, or the reply of his lady love to a proposition of marriage, or even a check of $25, I can understand how he can be eager and excited about it. Why, can be eager and excited about it. Why, there are some people on my route who, I really believe, don't do anything else but sit down and wait for me to come, or else stand at the gate or window to watch for me. They don't get a letter more than once a month, but they watch for it every day. It I say 'Nothing to-day,' they groan and sluk away. If I hand them a letter, they fly with it into the house as if they had found a pocketbook."—*Chicago Journal.*

ANYBODY CAN DO THAT.

Burdette Talks of a Very Numerous Class of People.

My son, one day I stood at a work bench looking at a friend who was putting a watch together. The delicate bits of machinery that he adjusted and set in place, tiny screws I scarce could see as they lay on his table, delicate springs, fairy like wheels that seemed all too dainty for anything but ornament; the work which he did so deftly was little less than a miracle to me. I said to him: "I see you have some artificial eyes in the window; you could make a real eye, that could see, if a man preferred it to a glass one, couldn't you?" But the watchmaker only laughed and said, "No; that was a little beyond him." But I don't know, my boy; I don't know. As I looked at him putting that watch together, and especially after he told me that he could make a watch, I had an idea that he could make a human eye if he gave his whole mind to it. By and by he said, "Come, this is enough for one day; let's go out and hear McQuaid call off for a base-ball cotillion." He caught up my hat and slapped it on my head. "That isn't right," I said. He laughed and adjusted it more carefully. "How's that?" It wasn't right again, so I put it on myself, showing him how I wore it, and, after examining its position closely, he took it off and tried to readjust it. He tried it over and over for five minutes, and then gave it up. He could make a watch, he could adjust the most delicate arrangement of mechanism the human eye can see, and do it accurately, so the watch would keep time for years, but he couldn't put a soft felt hat, only worth a dollar, on my careless head just as I always wear it, or as I want it, for I am not sure that a man ever wears his hat twice in the same position. It's something no man can do for another—put his hat on for him. Mothers fondly think they can put their boys' hats on for them, but it is a feat that has never been performed. There is always a final touch, just a mere shadow of a touch, not much more than a gesture, maybe, a shake of the head, a some sort of a motion that adjusts things, settles hat and head into perfect and comfortable relations with each other, which the man must make for himself. You can't put another man's hat on for him and do it right.

Now, my boy, once in a while a man comes to me who can't put my hat on for me, but who essays, with sublime confidence, to fit me with a conscience. He orders my way of living, of doing, of speaking and thinking. He picks up my conscience, turns it around with the bow on the wrong side, straightens out the brim, smoothes out the crease or the dent that I always wear in it, sets it straight across the back of my neck, so to speak, holds it tight while he pulls the front of it so far down over my eyes that my ears stand out like ingersoll sails, slaps it down hard on top of my head, and says "There!" He can't put on my hat, he admits that, but he will—and thinks he can—adjust my conscience. Sometimes I wear it as this well-meaning friend wishes me to, but it never fits; I am always a little uneasy with it that way; I am always nervously afraid that it will blow off, and a man chasing another after his conscience in a gale of wind is a spectacle at once undignified, pitiful and heartrending.

Now, my boy, perhaps my friend's way of wearing his hat is the correct thing; I do not now. But it frets me, it irks me as we walk along the street to have him continually poking at my hat to make it set on my head, just as his does on his own. And when I am sure that he is not looking at me I shake my head lightly—ah, she settles; she lays herself right in the leads and feels as easy as a quiet conscience, right away.

I do not object to correction; it always seemeth grievous, I admit; but I am willing to have a friendly hand place it on my head, and I will wear it there; but I am going to give it the final adjusting shake or touch myself. If I tilt it over my eyes and balance it on my nose, I will tilt it back when my attention is called to it, but I will push it back just where I want it, not where the other man wants it. Mad enough he would be if I took hold of his hard, stiff hat, which he wears straight across his brows—and very becoming the style is to his peculiar type of beauty—and tilted it over, just a little out of line, as I prefer to wear mine. Fortunate would I be if he didn't snatch it off his head and smite me a resounding thump with it before he replaced it.

Finally my son, for the weather is warm and I omit in conclusion," "but again," "another thought," and "one word more"—the purpose for which your hat is designed is to cover your head; to protect your brain tank from the heat of the sun and the warp of the drought from the pelting hail and the driving rain. That do, therefore. Not every man can stand it to wear a hard felt hat, pulled far down straight across the brow, when the thermometer marks 90 in the shade. You know how to wear a hat, and what kind of a hat to wear. You wouldn't wear a Buffalo Bill sombrero to church, and you wouldn't go a fishing or into the surf in a high, slick, shiny silk hat. You know how to cultivate a good conscience. "Do I mean that a fellow should have an elastic conscience, that he changes to suit himself?" Don't be foolish, my son. You don't whistle the "Razzle Dazzle" at a funeral, do you? You don't open a base ball match with prayer? You don't sing "The Babies on Our Block" at a christening, do you? When you pay 50 cents for a 10 cent lunch as a railway restaurant and have five minutes to eat it in, you don't insist upon the hungry mob remaining quiet until you have asked God's blessing on the food, I hope? When you are called upon to take part in prayer meeting, I trust you never recite, "How the Old Horse Won the Bet." And yet, all these things are right at the right time and in the right place, and you can do them all, heartily, earnestly and reverently, without changing or readjusting your conscience. That is, if you have a conscience of your own. If you allow another man to fasten his conscience on you, it will be just about as useful as a steam gauge to a windmill, or a sun dial in a coal mine, and you will have to send for the man who owns it, every time you want to start it, or every time circumstances and your surroundings change. Wear your own hat, my boy; wear it sensibly, properly, correctly, with due regard for the eternal fitness of hats and things, but put it on yourself.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Honor to Whom Honor is Due.

We are pained to know that some of our Protestant religious papers are worried because it is proposed to have the pope canonize Christopher Columbus on the occasion of our celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. What's the worry? That's all right! Christopher deserves to be canonized; and if the pope doesn't attend to it, I'll do it myself. Here, I will anyhow, in order to allay the fears of the brethren that it will not be properly done. Whack! like so. Sir Christopher Christoffersen eh? That isn't the way to canonize a man? Well, that's the way I do it, and it's just as good a way as any, and makes just as good a saint. It's done now, anyhow, and can't be undone; the only thing you have accomplished by your untimely interruption is to spoil his name. I was going to work on a mighty neat and Latinish about Cerebro Spinal Columbus, but you went and spoiled it.—*Burdette.*

Atkinson's Economic Conclusions.

Under existing institutions and existing laws the working classes, in the sense in which they use that word, have been securing to themselves use and enjoyment an increasing share of an increasing product. The richer classes controlling and using capital are securing to their use, control and enjoyment a distributing share of the same increasing product.

That share which each person may secure to his own use and employment of this increasing product, depends upon the development of his individual character.

All laws restricting the free use of time and opportunity, and all by-

Recent Literature.

STORIES, TRAVELS AND MAGAZINES.

Between the Lines — Cleopatra — The Garden's Story — The History of a Slave — New Magazines — Literary Notes.

One of the most finely written stories of the war is "Between the Lines," by Captain Charles King, U. S. A., published by Harper Bros., New York. The scene is laid in Virginia, the characters belonging to both Northern and Southern families, with corresponding sympathies. One would go far before finding a better drawn womanly woman than the heroine, and the hero is every inch a noble man as well as a brave soldier. The incidents are thrilling, and are described with a realism that makes the reader feel that they are passing before him at the present moment. His description of a battle is exceedingly vivid and dramatic, and one feels that it is absolutely true. Captain King's stories are always welcome. They are clean, pure and wholesome, full of action of a kind that holds the interest from first to last without flagging. Those who have not read "Between the Lines" have a treat in store.

Another book from the Harpers, of an entirely different character, is "Cleopatra," by H. Rider Haggard. The story is further described as an Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian, as Set Forth by His Own Hand. As this shows, it purports to be the story of the ruin of Antony and Cleopatra, told not from a modern point of view, "but as from the broken heart and with the lips of an Egyptian patriot of royal blood." The wierd style in which it is written transfers the reader to the centuries agone when the beatiful Cleopatra lived, loved and died. It is not pleasant reading, and yet it is fascinating. Mr. Haggard has shown a good deal of power in his delineations of a time and of characters that are entirely different from the present.

"The Garden's Story," by George H. Ellwanger, is a description of the pleasure and trials of an amateur gardener, with the design, the author says, of directing attention to the importance of hardy flower-gardening as a means of outward adornment and as a source of recreation. Mention is made of many of the hardy plants, shrubs and climbers that may be advantageously employed, and some directions given for their cultivation. The book is one which will be of great help to those who love flowers and desire to learn how to take care of them in a way to promote their growth. It is also a pleasant little volume for reading, as it seems to give one a breath from the out-of-door world. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"The History of a Slave," by H. H. Johnston, is also published by the Appletons. In this story the author is endeavored to give a realistic sketch of life in the Western Soudan. His own experiences in the Dark Continent gave him the basis for his recital, and while he does not claim that as a whole it is true, many of the incidents given are, and the landscapes, implements, costumes, etc., are made as locally accurate as possible. The book is plentifully illustrated with full page engravings.

Literary Notes.

Bret Harte's next serial story will appear in *Pick-Me-Up*.

Twenty autograph letters of Dr. Samuel Johnson to Mr. Perkins recently sold in London for £81.

"Kersteen" is the title of the new novel by Mrs. Oliphant to be begun in the August number of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Hawarden castle, Gladstone's home, is the subject of a finely illustrated article in the *Illustrated London News* of July 20.

"Florida Days," by Margaret Deland, author of "John Ward, Preacher," will be published this fall by Little, Brown & Co.

The proposed bust of Matthew Arnold for Westminster Abbey has been intrusted to Bruce Joy.

Mrs. Oliphant is said to be engaged on a topographical account of Edinburgh, with some reference to its social and literary history.

A sister of the late Maria Mitchell will prepare for the press the "Life and Letters" of the distinguished teacher. Her correspondence is said to be very rich in letters from Herschel, Humboldt and others.

Mr. Walter Lewin, in the August *Forum*, predicts the decline of the novel written for a religious, or a psychological, or a sensational purpose and predicts "a return to Scott."

The famous Schiller archives, which were long kept at Castle Greifenstein, were presented recently to the Grand Duchess Sophie of Saxe-Weimar by the nephew of Schiller, the Freiherr Ludwig of Gleichen-Russwurm.

Next to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" stands General Wallace's "Ben Hur" as the American book that sells. Three hundred thousand copies of it have been called for so far. It was written, too, before General Wallace had visited the countries it describes.

The poems of Frederick Tennyson, the laureate's brother, are to be reprinted in London. His "Days and Hours" have long been out of print there. The book was published in 1854.

Mr. J. F. Farmer, the compiler of "Americanisms—Old and New," is making a slang dictionary. It is described as a dictionary of the vernacular speech of all classes from the middle of the sixteenth century to the present time. The unwritten colloquialisms of society, and the jargons of sportsmen, of criminals, of artists, of workmen and of professional men, will all be given.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has again taken Barrow Farm, Beperharow, near Godalming, where she developed and finally wrote a large part of "Robert Elsmere." It is said that her new house on Greyswood hill, near Haslemere, will command a view of about 40 miles over the most beautiful part of Surrey.

Sir Percy Shelley, son of the poet, has inherited little of his father's literary taste and none of his social enthusiasm, his political sympathies being entirely Conservative. But he is fond of music and is devoted to the drama. Lady Shelley, his wife, is the very embodiment of grace and womanly charm. She, at least, keeps alive the Shelleyan traditions by her liberality in religion. Sir Percy Shelley has inherited his father's taste for the water. He is fond of yachting.

During the year ending on the 30th of April, 7,315 new volumes were added to the New York Mercantile library, and 3,273 old ones or duplicates sold or given away, making the total number on hand 223,544. Of Mrs. Ward's "Robert Elsmere," 140 copies were bought; of Mrs. Deland's "John Ward," 62; of Bryce's "American Commonwealth," 35; of Motley's "Correspondence," 25; and of Max O'Rell's "Jonathan and His Continent," 36. During the year 158,683 volumes were put in circulation.

IN FLY-TIME.

There is no house, however watched and tended,
But flies roam here and there—
No place, however so well by screens defended,
These insects do not share!

The air is filled with humming—buzzing—flying—
If they were only dead!
The heart of housewife for deliverance crying
Would then be comforted
—*Good Housekeeping.*

No Women at the Virginia Bar.

It is to be regretted that Judge Aiken, of Danville, was unable to reach a decision favorable to Mrs. Annie Smith's application for a certificate which would entitle her to be examined as to her fitness to be admitted to practice in the Virginia courts. The learned judge, it is said, rendered an elaborate opinion, in which he declared his inability to find in the statutes law enough to warrant him to grant Mrs. Smith's request. An appeal to the Supreme court is spoken of, and ought to be taken, and if the highest tribunal in the state fails to upset Judge Aiken's decision, the next legislature ought to pass a law at once giving women an equal chance with men to earn their living in any honorable vocation for which they may have a special inclination.—*Petersburg Index.*

A Singular Berry.

The "miraculous berry" of West Africa, the fruit of *Sideroxylon dulciferum*, was lately exhibited to the London Linnean society. The soft, sweet pulp with which it is covered so affects the nerves of taste that sour substances—even tartaric acid, lime juice and vinegar have a flavor of absolute sweetness after it has been eaten. Living plants of this and Thaumatococcus, whose fruit possesses similar properties, have been received at Kew Gardens.

GIVE THE BEAR A SHOW.

The Deer Hunter and Fisherman Have Been Heard, But the Bear Hunter, the Most Reliable, to Some Extent, Neglected By the Newspapers—The Blade Gives Him Treatment.

The deer hunter is more or less accurate in statements, and in this respect is a close second to the fisherman. The latter has the advantage of eager listeners, who have had experience. There is a deer hunter named Simon Jones, His stories are fascinating, and indicate reliability. He lives in the Adirondacks, 75 miles from any other inhabitant, and no one has been found to successfully contradict any one of the variety of tales he has in his budget. He claims to have killed four does at one shot, and followed a buck that was with them a quarter of a mile into the water, caught it by the horns, steered it ashore, killed it and piled it up with the does. Simon has a very proper regard for the proprieties that cluster about the truth.

The bear hunter has not received that attention from the press of which his prowess is deserving. The fisherman and deer hunter have had a full share of deserved notice, and it is about time that the bear hunter be given a show. Hunting the bear is too rugged a thing to permit of wide scope to the imagination of the hunter. He is, therefore, entitled to that degree of belief that cannot, without mental reservation, be accorded the fisherman. Inference may be drawn at certain stages as the bear hunter amplifies, that he is not conforming to reality, but this is because the listeners are not conversant with all the points of bear hunting. The bear hunter does not essay to literary finish, nor is he versed in rhetorical finish. He tells his story in the innocent, childlike language so characteristic of the man who converses with nature, and who lives in the province where truth is not wounded by falsehood.

Not long since Mr. John Baird went hunting for bears on Jack's Mountain, in Pennsylvania. He went prepared for an emergency, with spuds in the soles of his boots, and they proved of great service to him. Near the top of the mountain he saw a bear with two cubs. He approached within gunshot, expecting to kill the bear and capture the cubs. To his surprise the bear seemed entirely willing to see him. She rose up on her hind legs, and seemed to smile as he was about to shoot. This familiarity made him exceedingly nervous, so that he missed his mark. The bear then concluded to hunt Mr. Baird, who turned his face homeward. From hasty steps his motion became accelerated to a run for life.

The spuds in his boots gave him a good foothold on the ground, so that he was able to reach the foot of the mountain before the bear, but to relieve himself of all extraneous weight he threw his gun away. The bear did not want the gun and returned to its cubs, seemingly satisfied with the outcome of the hunt. Mr. Baird was so badly scratched by the brute that he had to prove his identity before his wife would admit him to the house. After rubbing himself for three weeks with vaseline and getting a pair of new pantaloons, he returned for his gun but there was a lack of elasticity in his step, and the very cautious manner in which he approached the place where he dropped his gun, showed that bears have traits that he was entirely averse with which to become too familiar.

Mr. Cram, who is extensively engaged in dredging along the lakes, and who has a dredge at work on the straight channel here, is a gentleman who is not in the habit of perverting facts. He is fond of a good story, and when he relates one its truthfulness may be relied upon. He says that one day last fall Capt. Byers was taking his tug, Seymour, up the St. Mary's river. A huge black bear was seen swimming across. The captain at once ranged the Seymour up alongside the bear. All hands were on deck; a heaving line was brought into requisition, and a hitch was taken around the bear. Bruin was secured, lifted to the deck, and made fast to the poll post. The fireman took a turn with an axe, and Deputy Burgess stood guard. He walked around to get a good look at the bear's eye. It was awake, made a lunge, broke its lashings, and without delay hustled for the fireman. Around the tug they went. There was a red-headed man on the tug who kept a close second to the fireman. He looked like a light-house on wheels. Byers shouted, "Run, run, he is gaining on you." The scene became a most ludicrous one. Finally the bear ran out on the fan-tail and jumped overboard. The tug was again ranged alongside the bear and a Mr. Reed made a crack at him with a capstan bar. The bear caught the bar, gave it a twist, and Reed went overboard headfirst. He had nothing on which to defend himself, and as he swam he grabbed the bear. Bruin ducked his head and made a slap at Reed with his paw. He had no further use for bear, and would have drowned had it not been for Byers, who threw him a line and he was hauled on deck. Finally an axe was procured, the bear killed and hoisted on deck. It was, in weight, 300 pounds.

THE COST OF LIVING.

How Much It Has Been Reduced from 1868 to 1885.

In a recent speech in congress a member gave the yearly cost of supplies of a family of four persons at the lowest point, including clothing and rent from 1868 to 1885. The articles included were three barrels of flour, 150 pounds of corn meal, 150 pounds of granulated sugar, 200 pounds of fresh beef, 100 pounds of corn beef, 100 pounds of pork, 24 pounds of lard, 16 pounds of ham, 100 pounds of codfish, 25 pounds of tea, 75 pounds of butter, 10 pounds of cheese, 4 tons of coal, 1 bushel of beans, 12 pounds of potatoes, 3 pairs of shoes, 20 yards of cotton cloth, 20 yards of prints, 3 yards of denims, 12 yards of satinets, and paid town rent, which was estimated at $60 in 1868, and had declined to $48 in 1885. The prices of these articles of prime necessity per barrel, pound, yard, ton, etc., are attached each year in the table referred to, and a steady reduction in the cost of every item is noted.

The yearly cost of these articles was as follows:

Year.	Total cost.
1868	$350 88
1869	319 25
1870	311 34
1871	304 89
1872	228 37
1873	201 60
1874	201 69
1875	278 58
1876	269 74
1877	254 51
1878	242 23
1879	239 43
1880	243 11
1881	246 00
1882	262 47
1883	243 93
1884	234 25
1885	216 11

In other words, it cost a family of four, using each year the above named artfcles, one-third less to live now than in 1868.

SHE CAGED THE WRONG BIRD.

A Jealous Newport Society Lady's Little Detective Comedy.

A story is going the rounds at Newport to the effect that a society lady, getting the idea that her husband made nightly visits to the room of one of her pretty waiting maids, determined to break him of the ungentlemanly habit. Accordingly she called the unconscious waiting maid to her and under some pretense told her to sleep in a certain other room that night. Of course the girl complied, and just before the hour when she had heard certain suspicious sounds in the past the lady retired to the servant's room and waited. Just as her impatience was becoming unbearable a slight tap at the door told her that she had not waited in vain.

The door was noiselessly opened, and, though the room was in total darkness, her imagination showed to her her husband moving stealthily about, and again she became impatient for the moment to arrive when she should reveal herself. It came. She flashed the dark lantern into the face of the startled miscreant! But horrors! it was not the husband, but the gardener! Of course the frightened gardener was not prepared for his immediate dismissal, but opened his eyes to a partial suspicion of something when he was offered a liberal sum to seek employment immediately in some other part of the country.

Modern Barbarity.

Regina—What barbarous things these prize fights are, Claudia!

Claudia—Yes, it makes me indignant to read how they are conducted.

Regina—And we think ourselves more civilized than the Romans.

Claudia (regretfully)—Indeed, I don't think we are. Why, the Romans were not barbarous enough to exclude ladies and children from the gladiatorial combats. They were just like matinees, and everybody could go.

—Hall's Hair Renewer eradicates and prevents the formation of daudruff, thickens the growth, and beautifies the hair as no other preparation will.

THEY MEET AS STRANGERS.

[Scribners.]

"Clara, dear, I want to show you my new engagement ring before you go."
"It's very pretty, but remember the stone is loose."
"Why, how do you know that?"
"Didn't Mr. Rigsby tell you I wore it for a month or two?"

REVEALED BY THE DEAD.

A Discovery in a Cavern Completes a Romantic Story of the Revolution.

A very touching tragedy is revealed by a discovery recently made near Reading, Penn. The story is given in a special dispatch to the *World* and is as follows: While a new quarry was being opened at Falls of French Creek a skeleton was found in a cave, and near it a green-glass bottle, in which was an old, faded and discolored manuscript. It was a letter addressed to Miss Virginia Randolph, of Richmond, Va., dated May 20, 1778, and signed by Arthur L. Carrington. He states that he was with Washington at Valley Forge, in 1778, and that being sent out on a foraging expedition in the neighborhood of French Creek, he found that the British had sent a considerable force to cut him off.

His men took refuge with friends, and he made his way to the cave, where he had been before. It was marked by a rock just over the entrance, so nicely balanced that a man could move it slightly with one hand. Having found shelter, the enemy came near and fired three shots after the retreating men. The concussion thereby caused must have unbalanced the stone, for it fell and the writer was in his tomb. After trying various ways of escape, the writer realized his situation and prepared for the end. Having writing materials with him, he penned the letter, which has now been found, with the hope that some day his fate might be learned. The letter concludes as follows:

"He who has created us must know what is good for us and we can only submit and trust. To know that your heart is mine atomes—far more than atones—for all I have suffered or can yet suffer. My life seems to have begun with our love; only since then have I truly lived. You have shielded me from every evil thought; I have been in every way a better man since I loved you. When I gazed into the pure depths of your dark-blue eyes doubts and shadows fled far from me. Ah, Virginia, Virginia, I am looking into them now!

"God is good; God is merciful to let you seem so near me. You are praying for me now, at this moment, I feel it; I know it is so, my beloved. It is not farewell—I cannot say farewell—there is no farewell to love like ours. This agony will soon be over and I will be free. I will be waiting for you in the land of the hereafter. Virginia, my best beloved, I am almost there, and something tells me I will not have to wait long for your coming.

"No one should ever doubt the goodness, the love of God. I feel His ways are the best. He has bound our souls together forever more. Blessed be His holy name."

W. W. Potts, the superintendent of one of the granite quarries at Falls of French Creek, into whose possession the letter came, has been making investigation, and finds that in an old family burying ground near Richmond is a monument with this inscription:

DIED—Of a broken heart, on the 1st of March, 1780, Virginia Randolph, aged 21 years and 9 days. "Faithful unto death."

Mr. Potts has also secured two letters written 110 years ago to Alice Peyton by Rachel Randolph in which the disappearance of Carrington and the approaching end of the writer are referred to. Mr. Potts says that Arthur Carrington's remains are about to be removed and will soon rest by the side of his beloved Virginia." The story seems to be well authenticated, and is certainly very pathetic. Verse furnishes its parallel in the fate of Ginevra. It would be well, however, before fully accepting it, to learn something more of the personality of Carrington. There should be some traces left of him in old army records.

MODERN SOLOMONISMS.

Maxims Made to Fit the Everyday Man and Woman.

From a periodical called *Good Housekeeping* we clip the following chunks of proverbial philosophy—additions to Solomon and improvements upon Tupper:

Vinegar helps digestion, but a sour temper ruins it.

Wait till after dinner before you fall out with the cook.

Before picking a quarrel with the gas man buy a gallon of kerosene.

A soft yet persistent answer turneth away a borrowing neighbor.

You cannot measure a man's daily walk by the thickness of his carpet.

Many a woman is expert with crayons who is not skillful in drawing tea.

There may be too much of a good thing—of salt in the soup, for instance.

It is vain for you to rise early if the kitchen chimney will not draw.

Let me make the bread of the nation, and I care not who makes its pies.

If cleanliness is next to godliness, then neatness is side by side with piety.

When a man disagrees with you it is often best to leave him alone. The same is true of rich food.

It is better to lock the stable door after the horse is stolen than not to look it all. It may save the cow.

The Write Up Went.

Talking about weddings reminds me of the break the society editress of a paper made in connection with a marriage which occurred recently. The affair matrimonial was booked to come off six months ago, and as is the custom was fully written up in advance by the society ladies of the papers. Owing to the sudden illness of the bride, the wedding had to be postponed, and all the papers heard of it but one, which gravely published the usual glowing description, detailing, as is sanctioned by custom that "the bride looked lovely in a dress of * * as she walked up the center aisle on the arm of the groom," etc. Of course it was awful, and it took the girl six weeks to explain that she was not Mrs. ——, but plain Miss ——. The other day she was finally married, and now she will have to give up six weeks of her time making it clear to anxious acquaintances that she was not married twice.

Nature's Simplicity.

When nature does a simple thing she arouses wonder, because that which with us is difficult or impossible, with her is an achievement of ease.

The inference from this is to get near to nature's heart. Act in harmony with her kindly mood.

This is precisely the effect of Compound Oxygen as administered by DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, and here are some witnesses who testify to its value:

GLASGOW, KY.

"I regard Compound Oxygen as a wonderful remedy and shall ever be grateful to you for it."
JAS. B. MARTIN.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Jan. 25, 1888.

"I have used the Compound Oxygen now for about three years, and consider it the most effective remedy ever offered to the sufferer."
REV. WM. MCGLATHERY.

SUMTER, S. C.

"I have used the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment from DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, as a revitalizer, and have experienced marked benefit from it."
MRS. N. G. OSTEEN,
Proprietor *Watchman and Southern.*

SUMTER, S. C., March 17, 1888.

MR. N. G. OSTEEN adds in letter of later date, "Your remedy is getting up quite a reputation in this vicinity from the good it has done Mr. Charles Witherspoon."

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia, all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

His Change Was Tight.

"John, dear, have you any loose change in your pocket?"

"No, Sue; I haven't. Money's tight."—*Time.*

LOOKED LIKE A CLERGYMAN.

A Funny Conversation Overheard in a Horse Car.

It is very wrong to play jokes on the clergy, and only very sinful people ever do it. There is a newspaper man, well known on the row, who wears the smuggest face, the ministerial air, and the most clerical spectacles of any man in the business. During a recent convention, which drew several hundred clergymen to Washington, Mack (that isn't his name) got into a street car full of ministers, stumbled half way up the aisle, and caught the eye of a fellow newspaper man.

"Why, Brother Thomson, how do you do?" he exclaimed, grasping his hand and shaking it effusively. Mack sat across the aisle and started a running conversation which could be heard all over the car.

"Let me see, Brother Thompson, I haven't seen you since the triennial conclave at Chautauqua in 1875. How is your Buffalo charge getting along? How is Mrs. Thompson? Did you get your salary raised? No! That is too bad, really too bad. I did. I worked my congregation nicely. I had a friend in Cleveland who is on the staff of a secular newspaper, and he was unscrupulous enough to work up a boom for me there until I received an offer of $5,000. Of course, my congregation wasn't going to be out bid—ha, ha —and they saw that $5,000 and went them $1,000 better. This was in May, one year ago."

The whole car was attention by this time, and Mack was the focus of thirty pairs of curious eyes.

"Along in June I sat for my portrait. I got 40 per cent gross on those, you know. What do you get? Nothing? Oh! dear, Brother Thompson, you really neglect your opportunities. Let me see. I received from the church fair proceeds alone last year (the amount was lost in a whisper). But these portraits were very bad. They made me look quite thin and care-worn. I sent four dozen of them around to the dear ladies, and it would have done your heart good to see how they worked and raised $500 to send their pastor off to Europe.

"I hear you are thinking of taking a new charge? Is it so? Want to have a chance to work over your old sermons? Been eight years in one place? Well, I don't blame you. I can't very well. You see I have made a good many investments in my city, and it would necessitate too many sacrifices to break the old ties. Still there are other ways. I succeeded in negotiating an exchange of 150 sermons for an admirable series by Dr. Scott, of San Francisco. The good man was much pleased.

"There, there, oh, dear, dear. I have just called to mind that a family which has been in my church for ten years has just moved to San Francisco, and is going to join Dr. Scott's church. They may remember those sermons. Oh, dear, it may make trouble for Dr. Scott."

Mack chuckled and poked "Brother Thompson" in the ribs with his umbrella. It was a rainy day.

"Where is your umbrella Brother Thompson? Is that it? That is not the sort of umbrella you ought to have. Look at mine. The finest of silk and an elegant silver handle. I don't know whether you ever noticed that I always have nice umbrellas. You see mine is a fashionable church, and there are always a good many strangers at divine service. I have an arrangement with the sexton to pick out on rainy Sundays the best umbrella left in the vestibule and put it away for me. The regular pewholders always take theirs in the pews, and only strangers leave umbrellas in the vestibule, so I never have any trouble about umbrellas. Ah, here is my street. Good-bye, Brother Thompson. Come and see me when you can. Good-bye."

A babel of whispers ran around the car, and indignant glares followed the pseudo clergyman. One venerable party came down to "Brother Thompson," and note book in hand, asked the name of "that clergyman." Brother Thompson struck his forehead with his clenched fist, but for his life would not locate the talkative preacher, and to escape cross-examination left the car at the next corner.—*Washington Post.*

IN THE HURLY-BURLY.

Two Examples of Woman's Ways of Making a Living.

An energetic woman is never at a loss for a means of livelihood when thrown upon her own resources. Hundreds of women in this city are engaged in business, and many of them are in direct and successful competition with men. Female bread-winners of originality have developed for themselves new fields of labor, and they usually make them pay. One bright woman, who was left destitute by the death of her husband, with several small children dependent upon her, remembered, after trying to decide what to do, that she possessed a receipt that had been handed down to her from an old-fashioned New England ancestor for making a superior quality of doughnuts. She interviewed a prominent grocer and made a proposition to him to sell the product of her housewifely skill. The result was that a few days later the grocer's front window was filled with a batch of the crisp, brown pastry and a sign informed the passerby that old-fashioned doughnuts could be purchased within for 15 cents a dozen. The first day there were purchased enough to exhaust the supply, and since that time the doughnut trade has steadily increased, until to-day several cooks, under the little woman's superintendence, are kept constantly busy, and her income from the doughnut industry averages $40 per week.

The widow of a late popular saloon keeper, being compelled by the death of her husband to turn in and take upon her slender shoulders the support of a large family, canvassed among the saloon-keepers in the city for the sale of a peculiar variety of parched corn, which her husband had used in his saloon as a substitute for coffee beans or cloves as a breath sweetener. The secret of parching the corn without "popping" it was hers. At first she found only a limited sale for her goods, but now hundreds of saloons are her daily customers, and the grim wolf of poverty, whose gaunt form had before loomed up before her, is kept so far at bay that her little ones can get even hear its howls.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Davy Crockett's Family.

R. P. Crockett, a son of the famous Davy Crockett, now living in Granbury, Hood county, Tex., in a recent letter to the present keeper of the Alamo in San Antonio, says: "My Father, Davy Crockett, was born in Hawkins county, Tenn., 1786. He was married twice, had three children by his first wife and three by his last, three boys and three girls. I am the oldest child by the last wife and was the youngest son. I am now 73 years old. My father was a fraction over six feet tall, and weighed over 200 pounds in good health and was not fleshy. My father was first justice of the peace, next colonel of a regiment of militia, then a member of the legislature of Tennessee and twice was elected to congress. My brother succeeded him in congress in 1837 for six years. My youngest sister is living in Gibson county, Tenn. My mother and one sister are buried here in Hood county, Tex.—*Baltimore Sun.*

In a Dead Trap.

De Fickle: "Oh, Laura, wilt thou be mine?" Laura: "Yes, Willie, and I want you to understand one thing. I expected this, and to my brother to post himself behind us, in the bushes. I just heard a click, so I know that the instantaneous shutter on the camera has fallen, and the scene we have just enacted is in his possession. I shall have a dozen pictures of it painted, and if you prove fickle you must look out."

MIDSUMMER FARE.

Things That Will Make a Good Breakfast and a Good Dinner.

BREAKFAST.
Shredded Oats with Cream.
Broiled Whitefish.
Fried Sweet Potatoes.
Baked Ham with Eggs.
Iced Tomatoes.
Cut Peaches.

DINNER.
Puree of Sweet Peas.
Boiled Sea Bass.
Drawn Butter.
Fresh Beef with Cabbage.
Potato Biscuits.
Roast Duckling.
Romaine Salad.
Cold Cottage Pudding.
Cheese. Fruit. Biscuit.
Catawba Cup.

Shredded Oats with Cream.—Put into a porcelain-lined pan two quarts of boiling water; add half a teaspoonful of salt; stir into it, gradually, six ounces of the shredded oats; boil twenty minutes and serve with milk or cream. It is very good the next day served cold with cream and sugar.

Broiled Whitefish.—The whitefish is one of the best of summer fish, but does not stand long transportation very well when fresh. See that the flesh is firm and free from flabbiness. Cut the fish in two lengthwise, remove the backbone, divide each piece in two; brush over it a little sweet butter or olive oil, and broil over a moderate fire for ten minutes. Place it in a hot dish, squeeze the juice of a lemon over it, add salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Garnish with tufts of parsley and thin slices of lemon and serve.

Baked Ham, with Eggs.—Mince half a pound of cold boiled ham, add to it two tablespoonfuls of bread or cracker crumbs, a dash of cayenne, and the yolk of one raw egg. Make a paste of the mixture by moistening it with a little milk or water. Spread the mixture on a flat dish, and with an eggshell press four depressions in it deep enough to hold an egg. Put a raw egg in each, place the dish in the oven and bake a few minutes or until the eggs are cooked.

Puree of Sweet Peas.—Wash two quarts of freshly gathered sweet peas; drain and plunge them into three quarts of boiling water, salted. Boil three-quarters of an hour, rub through a sieve and return the pulp to the range. Beat two eggs thoroughly, and add to them salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of onion vinegar; whisk this into the water in which the peapods were boiled, and then add it gradually to the pulp. A blade of mint is sometimes added for flavoring, but care should be exercised that the delicate flavor of the sweet or edible podded pea is not destroyed.

Fresh Beef with Cabbage.—Select a piece of beef cut from the loin flank, that contains about two-thirds lean to one-third fat, and the piece to weigh about five pounds; put it in a large sauce pan or pot; add a liberal quantity of boiling water, boil fifteen minutes, then add a heaping teaspoonful of salt, part of a green pepper, chopped fine, and boil one hour slowly. Add the cabbage, boil an hour longer, and serve, by placing the meat in the center of the dish with the cabbage around it.

Cabbage.—Select a young, fresh picked cabbage; trim off the outer leaves, cut the head into quarters and cut off the inner core or stalk free from the leaves. Do not put the quarters in the pot whole, but separate each leaf, wash it thoroughly and wipe it dry, then replace the leaves as they were originally, force a wooden skewer through the quarters to keep them in shape, and boil one hour in the pot containing the meat. A wineglass of sour vinegar added to the water in boiling is going to so much trouble with cabbage is to avoid eating the Paris green that is thrown broadcast in gardens by farmers, and which is very apt to find its way between the young leaves, which by degrees grow to form the head of cabbage, sealing up, as it were, the poison between its folds. Cabbage, when young and fresh, is a healthy vegetable, but when kept long time is apt to be indigestible, owing to the fact that the juices dry up.

Potato Biscuits.—Select six long, smooth-skin potatoes and bake them. When done scoop out the inside of each and rub it through a sieve to have it perfectly free from lumps. Add to it the yolks of six eggs, well beaten, grated peel of one lemon, and one-quarter of a pound of sugar. Beat the mixture until quite light. Beat the whites of the eggs to a firm froth and whisk into the paste; half fill oiled small paper cases with it and bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes.

Romaine Salad.—This excellent species of lettuce is but seldom sold except in its green state, as bleaching it would extract its piquant bitter taste, so greatly appreciated by the epicure. It can be best served with a plain salad dressing. Rinse the leaves in cold water, shake and dry them in a napkin; break each leaf in two with the fingers, but do not cut it with a knife. Place the leaves in a bowl, add a plain dressing made of four parts oil to one part vinegar, pepper and salt, chop a few leaves of parsley and fresh tarragon or chervil together and strew over the salad and serve. If a clove of garlic be rubbed in the bowl a moment before receiving the salad it imparts a flavor much appreciated by many. A sweet Spanish pepper chopped fine and added to the salad is considered quite an improvement by some.

Romaine lettuce is not just the kind to use in meat and fish salads when mayonnaise is used; although it may be used in mixed vegetable salads. Many eat it at breakfast, first dipping it in salt, as one would eat a radish, and it is the only kind of lettuce that one should eat from one's fingers. The Romans were passionately fond of this kind of lettuce, and it was almost the only food partaken of by them for days together. They ate it with the addition of salt, sometimes honey, oil and vinegar was added, and occasionally an onion sliced very fine was powdered over it.

Cold Cottage Pudding.—Sift together half a pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a heaping saltspoonful of salt. Beat two eggs and add to them four ounces of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of creamed butter and two gills of milk. Add the mixture to the flour, pour into small moulds and bake half an hour. When cool, place them on ice until wanted and serve with a creamy sauce slightly flavored with a few drops of sherry.

Preserved Watermellon Rind (by request).—Cut off the outer rind and all of the red part from the inside, cut the rind in strips or in squares, and boil in a liberal quantity of syrup, allowing a pound and a quarter of sugar in a quart of water to the pound of rind. Make the syrup first and clarify it with white of egg, skim, and add the rind; simmer until quite transparent; remove the rind, boil down the syrup one-third, then pour it over the rind. The Germans use cloves and other spices for flavoring the rind.—*N. Y. Sun.*

About the Fool.

Be who is born a fool is never cured.—Proverb.

Enjoy your little while the fool is seeking for more.

He is a fool that praises himself, and he a madman that speaks evil of himself.

The reason the fool said it "in his heart" was because he had no head to speak of.

A fool always finds a greater fool that admires him.—Proverb.

The wise man hiveth his pence, while the fool expendeth his substance in the purchase of nose paint.

The fool may be depended upon to keep a secret, if he does not know it.

"A fool may sometimes say a wise thing"—just as a wise man may sometimes say a foolish thing.—Florida Times-Union.

The fool joineth church thinking he will be able to enter heaven in the crowd.

The fool paddles somebody else's canoe, and carries all his grist to another's mill.—Blots and Blemishes.

Women who elope with coachmen probably think that class of men will make stable husbands.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Well Acquainted With Herself.

Good Catche—By Jove! what a stunning creature May Blossom is.

Miss Chevious—Indeed!

"Yes, you know she's so well poised, so sure of herself."

"Well, she ought to be; she has known herself long enough.

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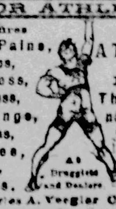
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The Camp Fire.

(Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

GEN. HOOD AT NASHVILLE.

His Overwhelming Defeat—A Brush With the Texas Rangers.

THE last active campaign I was engaged in was in facing the rebel invasion of Tennessee according to the plans laid down by the fiery Gen. Hood. Hood was undoubtedly a brave general, but he was confronted by generals as brave as himself, and a great deal more prudent. Hood cared not one cent whether his men were fed and clothed or not. The army of the south under Hood was in no sense prepared for the aggressive campaign that they had undertaken. That the great majority of his officers were opposed to his plan of invading the north only irritated him. Self-esteem and the vain conceit of General J. B. Hood cost the rebellious states the best army they ever had in the west. They commenced the campaign with 55,000 infantry and artillery, and three divisions of cavalry, numbering 15,000 men. The army of Gen. Thomas was a mere handful compared to this magnificent array, and besides this, Hood's men were all old and tried veterans who had seen many battles. The men that fought Rosecrans at Stone river had joined Hood; the men that nearly vanquished us at Chickamauga were with Hood; the men that dealt us such terrible blows on the bloody trail from Lookout mountain to Atlanta were with Hood, ready to strike again.

Schofield with the 23d corps, and Stanley with the 4th—all told, numbered less than 27,000—Wilson's cavalry, 5,000 more, making 32,000 men of all arms. And positively, this force alone hurled Hood's magnificent army of over 63,000 men back at Franklin, and left it helpless in the woods outside of the little works, and over 2,000 men, the very flower of Hood's army, lay dead, among them two of his very best officers—Gens. Clayborne and Adams.

Hood's army fought at this point their last aggressive battle. Although they followed us to Nashville there was no fight in them. Their dash was dashed to pieces by Opdyke and Riley's men at Franklin. They never recovered. When Thomas was ready to take the offensive at Nashville, in December, 1864, our army was superior to the army under Hood, both in numbers and equipment. Our cavalry was on the right of the line, and for the first time in our service the cavalry was a part of the storming force, acting in unison with the infantry. The battle commenced on the night of December 15. We slept in line of battle, cavalry and infantry. Johnson's division of cavalry was on the extreme right, next the river, with Hatch and Croxton to our left. I do not know how long our line was, but it seemed to me there was no end to us. Either way we could see a line of blue riders on the move. When we were ordered to charge on the 16th, it looked like the army was all cavalry. I know that we went over brass bands and never stopped until darkness stopped us in a steady downpour of rain. We had hundreds of prisoners. We stood by our horses' heads through the entire night of the 16th. The rain kept pouring down at intervals all night. When morning broke there was not a rebel in sight except prisoners. We fed our hungry horses as best we could. For ourselves it was a snatch a bite here and a bite there, and divide that bite with a hungry Johnny. If ever I felt sorry for men, it was for the soldiers of Hood's army, after they were beaten at Nashville. The poor fellows were all very anxious to be taken prisoners. After the army of Hood broke into a confused, disorganized retreat through the woods, fields or byways—any way to get as far as possible from our victorious troops—the poor fellows would meet us on the road with tears in their eyes, pleading for us to take them prisoners and give them something to eat. One young lad crowded up to my horse's side and said to me: "My dear friend, what regiment are you in?"

I told him the 5th Iowa.

"I belong," said he, "to a Texas regiment of cavalry, and you have saved the life of one of the 3rd Iowa boys, and I now surrender to you as an Iowa man. I am starving."

I looked at the pale lips of the boy, and saw he was not exaggerating. His hollow, cadaverous eyes were glassy. I left in my haversack, and found I had one hardtack left. I handed it to him. It was getting quite cold, and the rain was turning to snow. The soldier was barefoot, as were hundreds of the poor fellows. Our boys had heard the confederate's appeal to me for something to eat, and a haversack was handed along until it was pretty well filled, and passed over to the hungry reb. Great tears coursed down his pale cheeks. His "God bless you, comrades," came from the heart of as true a soldier as ever lived, though an enemy.

The sufferings of the beaten and harrassed army after the battle of Nashville, was so intense as to atone for all the wrong it ever committed. They sinned deeply against God and their country when they arrayed themselves on the side of the rebellion, but they paid a heavy penalty for so do

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We cannot give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

United States Senators for Ohio.

J. C. J., Sylvania, O.: The following is a complete list of Ohio Senators from the admission of the State down to the present time:

Congress. Senators.

8th—1803-05—Thomas Worthington, John Smith.

9th—1805-07—Thomas Worthington, John Smith.

10th—1807-09—(1) John Smith, Edward Tiffin, (2) Return J. Meigs.

11th—1809-11—(3) R. J. Meigs, (4) Thomas Worthington, (5) Edward Tiffin, (6) Alexander Campbell, (7) Stanley Griswold.

12th—1811-13—Alex. Campbell, Thomas Worthington.

13th—1813-15—(8) Thomas Worthington, Jeremiah Morrow, (9) Joseph Kerr.

14th—1815-17—Jeremiah Morrow, Benjamin Ruggles.

15th—1817-19—Jeremiah Morrow, Benjamin Ruggles.

16th—1819-21—William A. Trimble, Benjamin Ruggles.

17th—1821-23—(10) William A. Trimble, (11) Ethan A. Brown.

18th—1834-25—Benjamin Ruggles, Ethan A. Brown.

19th—1825-27—Benjamin Ruggles, William Henry Harrison.

20th—1827-29—Benjamin Ruggles, (12) William Henry Harrison, (13) Jacob Burnett.

21st—1829-31—Benjamin Ruggles, Jacob Burnett.

22d—1831-33—Benjamin Ruggles, Thomas Ewing.

23d—1833-35—Thomas Morris, Thomas Ewing.

24th—1835-37—Thomas Morris, Thomas Ewing.

25th—1837-39—Thomas Morris, William Allen.

26th—1839-41—Benjamin Tappan, William Allen.

27th—1841-43—Benjamin Tappan, William Allen.

28th—1843-45—Benjamin Tappan, William Allen.

29th—1845-47—Thomas Corwin, William Allen.

30th—1847-49—Thomas Corwin, William Allen.

31st—1849-51—(14) Thomas Corwin, (15) Thomas Ewing, Salmon P. Chase.

32d—1851-53—S. P. Chase, B. F. Wade.

33d—1853-55—S. P. Chase, B. F. Wade.

34th—1855-57—George E. Pugh, B. F. Wade.

35th—1857-59—George E. Pugh, B. F. Wade.

36th—1859-61—George E. Pugh, B. F. Wade.

37th—1861-63—B. F. Wade, (16) John Sherman (17) Salmon P. Chase.

38th—1863-65—B. F. Wade, John Sherman.

39th—1865-67—" " " "

40th—1867-69—" " " "

41st—1869-71—A. G. Thurman, John Sherman

42d—1871-73—" " " "

43d—1873-75—" " " "

44th—1875-77—" " " "

45th—1877-79—A. G. Thurman, (18) John Sherman, (19) Stanley Matthews.

46th—1879-81—A. G. Thurman, Geo. H. Pendleton.

47th—1881-83—(20) John Sherman, Geo. H. Pendleton.

48th—1883-85—John Sherman, H. B. Payne.

50th—1887-89—" " " "

(1) Resigned. (2) Elected in place of Smith. (3) Resigned Dec. 8, 1810, to become governor of Ohio. (4) Elected to fill place of Meigs, resigned. (5) Resigned in 1809. (6) Elected Dec. 12, 1809, in place of Tiffin. (7) Appointed by governor to fill vacancy. (8) Resigned in 1814, to become governor of Ohio. (9) To succeed Worthington. Died in 1822, from effects of a wound received at the battle of Fort Erie, in war of 1812. (11) Succeeded Trimble. (12) Resigned 1828, to become U. S. minister to Colombia. (13) Succeeded Gen. Harrison. (14) Resigned to become secretary of the Treasury. (15) Succeeded Corwin. (16) Succeeded Chase. (17) Resigned to become Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury. (18) Resigned, to become Hayes's Secretary of the Treasury. (19) Succeeded Sherman.

Presidential Votes—Wine at the White House.

F. S. W., Lexington, Neb.: 1.—The following is the Presidential vote of the United States since 1824:

1824—Gen. Taylor, Whig, 1,360,101; Lewis Cass, Dem., 1,220,544; Martin Van Buren, Free Soil, 291,263.

1852—Franklin Pierce, Dem., 1,601,474; Gen. Scott, Whig, 1,386,578; John P. Hale, Free Dem., 156,149.

1856—James Buchanan, Dem., 1,838,169; J. C. Fremont, Rep., 1,341,264; Millard Fillmore, Amer., 874,534.

1860—Abraham Lincoln, Rep., 1,866,352; J. C. Breckinridge, Dem., 845,763; S. A. Douglas, Dem., 1,375,157; John Bell, Con. Union, 589,581.

1864—A. Lincoln, Rep., 2,216,067; G. B. McClellan, Dem., 1,808,725.

1868—U. S. Grant, Rep., 3,015,071; Horatio Seymour, Dem., 2,709,613.

1872—U. S. Grant, Rep., 3,597,070; Horace Greeley, Dem., 2,834,079; Charles O'Conor, Ind. Dem., 29,408; James Black, Temp., 5,608.

1876.—R. B. Hayes, Rep., 4,033,950; S. J. Tilden, Dem., 4,284,853; Peter Cooper, Gbk., 81,740; Green Clay Smith, Proh., 9,522; scattering, 2,636.

1880.—J. A. Garfield, Rep., 4,449,053; W. S. Hancock, Dem., 4,442,035; J. B. Weaver, Gbk., 307,306; Neal Dow, Proh., 10,305; John W. Phelps, American, 707; scattering, 989.

1884.—G. Cleveland, Dem., 4,911,017; J. G. Blaine, Rep., 4,848,334; St. John, Proh., 151,809; Butler, Gbk., 133,825; scattering, 11,362.

1888.—Benj. Harrison, Rep., 5,441,923; G. Cleveland, Dem., 5,536,524; Fisk, Proh., 246,406; Streeter, Labor, 144,608.

2.—Statement is not strictly correct that no wine was served at the White House table during Hayes's administration. It is a general custom in Eastern cities, and indeed in many others, to serve wine at table at dinner; but Mrs. Hayes refused to do this, except on several occasions at dinners to the diplomatic corps, as foreign ministers who were not conversant with American views in regard to temperance would have been apt to consider the lack of wine as an intended insult.

3.—The Knights Templars are a branch of the Masonic order.

Why Chinamen Wear Queues.

M. H., Attica, Ind.: The only reason we ever saw assigned for the Chinese custom of wearing the hair in queues is the following: The first Emperor of the present dynasty, who began to reign in 1644, having usurped the throne, determined to make the tonsure of Manchuria, his native country, the token of the submission of the Chinese to his authority. He ordered them to shave all the head excepting the crown and to allow the hair on that part to grow long and to dress it according to the custom of Manchuria. The Chinese had been accustomed, under native emperors, to wear long hair over the whole head, and to arrange it in a tuft or coil. The change was gradual, but finally prevailed through the empire. At first those who shaved their heads and conformed to the laws received, it is said, a present of a tael, and then only a tenth of a tael, and afterward only an egg; finally, even an egg was not allowed. The law requiring the people to shave their heads and braid their queue was not often rigidly enforced by the penalty of immediate death, but it became very manifest that those who did not conform to the wishes of the dominant dynasty would never become successful in a lawsuit against those who did conform, nor would they succeed at the literary examinations.

The Reign of Terror.

A. C., Richmond, Ind.: Alison's History of Europe, a standard authority, gives the following figures, showing the number put to death during the reign of terror in France:

Nobles	1,278
Noble women	750
Wives of laborers and artisans	1,467
Religieuses	350
Priests	1,135
Common persons, not nobles	13,633
Guillotined by sentence of the revolutionary tribunals	18,603
Women who died by illness produced by excitement and grief	3,748
Women killed in La Vendee	15,000
Children	22,000
Men slain in Vendee	900,000
Victims under Carrier at Nantes	31,000
Children shot	500
Children drowned	15,000
Women shot	246
Women drowned	500
Priests shot	300
Priests drowned	400
Nobles drowned	1,400
Artisans drowned	5,310
Victims at Lyons	31,000
Total	1,022,351

Effects of Alcohol.

E. T., Valley, Col.: THE BLADE has published full discussions of the physiological effects of alcohol. It is a poison, no part being used for food, and is excreted from the system by the lungs, skin and kidneys. It excites the circulation, injures the stomach, hardens the brain and dulls the mental and moral nature. Its continued use leads to cirrhosis of the liver, and Bright's disease of the kidneys, which are both incurable. Even when it does not bring on fatal organic disease, it shortens life through the extra work it throws upon every vital organ, causing the system to wear out sooner than it otherwise would; and, by debilitating the system, it opens the door to diseases which the victim would otherwise escape.

The Eiffel Tower.

A. C., Miamisburg, O.:—The great Eiffel tower in Paris is one of the sights of the exposition. Its like has never been seen in the world before, it being the highest structure ever reared by man. The builder, M. Eiffel, is a native of Dijon, where he was born in 1832, and is an engineer by profession. The tower is 984 feet in height, and the base of it covers nearly four acres. It has three stories, or landings. On the two first there are cafes and restaurants, and the third is covered with a glass cupola surmounted by a powerful electric light. If the lightning protector, eighteen feet high, is taken into account, the total height is over 1,000 feet. Elevators are provided which reach the summit, but for those who choose to use their own unaided exertion, there are 1,700 steps. The tower weighs 9,000 tons, and cost about $1,100,000. The building will remain the property of M. Eiffel for twenty years, and then it will be given to the government to be used for military purposes. In clear weather one can obtain from it a magnificent view of the surrounding country to a great distance in every direction.

The Oldest Public Building.

O. T. H., Rockford: 1.—It is difficult to say which is "the oldest public building now in existence without important changes in construction through repairs and additions." The "White Tower," the oldest part of the Tower of London, was completed in 1098, and rebuilt in 1638. It is entirely of stone, and was built for a royal residence originally. The larger portion of Westminister Abbey, in its present condition, was completed in the middle of the 13th century. The church of St. Bartholomew the Great, London, dates from 1102, but was restored in 1865-7. Holyrood Palace, Edinburg, was built in 1528. We give these only as suggestions, as we have not the time to make the extensive search that would be necessary to determine the oldest public building in existence. If any reader has exact information, shall be glad to publish. 2.—We think no distinction of sex is made in the Household. Your other queries have been handed to Miss Bouton.

Salt Manufacture.

E. G. M., Battle Ground, Ind.: Salt is made in tropical countries simply by evaporating sea water in shallow basins, by the heat of the sun. In an early day in this country the brine of salt wells was boiled down in large kettles. The methods now employed are much more elaborate. The brine from salt wells in Michigan, Ohio and West Virginia contains small portions of sulpate of lime, chloride of calcium, chloride of magnesium, oxide of iron, and 16 or 17 per cent of salt. The brine is first pumped in to shallow vats, where it remains till the iron settles to the bottom. The clear brine is drawn off into wooden cisterns, where it is heated by steam pipes, and boiled down considerably. The impurities settle to the bottom, and the brine is drawn off into other cisterns called "grainers," and the boiling continued. The salt settles to the bottom, whence it is removed, drained, and stored for a couple of weeks before it is ready to sell.

Mendelssohn.

H. N. W., Coventryville, N. Y.: 1.—Alice and Phoebe Cary were not musicians, but poets. Both were born eight miles north of Cincinnati—Alice in 1820, dying in 1871; Phoebe in 1824, dying in 1871. 2.—We think not. 3.—Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, the musical composer, was born at Hamburg, Germany, in 1809, died at Leipzig in 1847. In his ninth year he appeared in concert in Berlin, and in the next year in Paris. From this time he began to write compositions of all sorts, some of a very different character, for the piano, violin, violoncello, etc. He gave concerts in Paris and Berlin, and then traveled through Europe. In 1835 he was made director of the Leipzig concerts. His oratorios of St. Paul and Elijah are considered his finest works. He was on intimate terms with Prince Albert and Queen Victoria, and was a guest at Windsor Castle on several occasions.

Shakespeare's Name.

W. F., Bellaire, O.: Concerning the spelling of Shakespeare's name, Richard Grant White, who was a high authority on Shakespeare, said: "Shakespeare's name is found in the manuscripts of his period spelled with all varieties and arrangements of letters which express its sound or a semblance of it; but he himself, and his friend, Ben Jonson, when they printed the name, spelled it Shakespeare. In this form, too, it is found in almost every book of their time in which it appeared." This spelling, however, is not universally followed. Writers and commentators have used their own judgment, either of which carries with it some claim for recognition—Shakespeare, Shakspere and Shaksper.

President Harrison and His Cabinet.

S. T., ——: 1.—Benjamin Harrison was born August 20, 1833, at North Bend, O.; graduated at Miami University in 1852; studied law in Cincinnati; removed to Indianapolis in 1854; entered Union army in 1862, coming out at the close as brevet brigadier general; U. S. Senator 1881-87; elected President, 1888. 2.—His Cabinet is: Secretary of State, James G. Blaine; Treasury, Wm. Windom; War, Redfield Proctor; Navy, B. F. Tracy; Interior, J. W. Noble; Postmaster General, John Wanamaker; Attorney General, W. H. H. Miller; Secretary of Agriculture, J. Rusk. We published an exhaustive biography of Harrison during the campaign, and the Cabinet in "News of the Week" this spring, also giving biographical sketch. We dislike to take space to answer questions which all reading people should know, like the above.

Telegraph Cables.

A. B. R., ——, Kan.: 1.—Cantilever bridges are built by first constructing the portion of each cantilever on the shore end, and then adding piece by piece of the span until the two meet in the middle, where they are fastened together. 2.—We do not know the name of the engineer of the Quebec bridge over the St. Lawrence, nor any particulars. 3.—The submarine telegraphic cables connecting the United States with foreign countries are: 3 cables belonging to the Anglo-American company, between the United States and Great Britain; 2 cables of the Mackay-Bennett ("Comercial") line; 2 cables belonging to the Western Union lines; 2 cables belonging to the French lines; and the "direct" line, making 10 in all between us and Europe. There are also cable lines to South America, and to Cuba.

"Common" and "Preferred" Stock.

A. C. G., Toledo, O.: The common stock of a company is entitled to such dividends out of the net earnings after expenses of maintenance of operation and interest on bonds are paid as the directors may vote. Preferred stock takes precedence over the common stock in its dividend up to a certain fixed rate. That is, a dividend not exceeding whatever rate may have been fixed must be paid to preferred stockholders first. Then, if there is still a surplus, dividends may be paid to the common stockholders up to the rate paid to the preferred stockholders, for which all the stock usually shares alike. There may be several issues of preferred stock, ranking in dividend rights in the order of their number, "first preferred," "second preferred," etc. Preferred stock sometimes has a greater voting power than common stock, but that is unusual.

Miscellaneous.

R. F. H., Bayard, Kan.: A signature with a rubber stamp is not legal.

J. P., Waterloo: See answer, "To Obtain Books," in Bureau of August 1.

H. C. B., Winnipeg, Man.: We do not know of any book of the character you want.

C. W., Winston, Mo.: We do not think the story was ever published in book form.

Sub., Lenexa, Kan.: The only place to learn the machinist's trade is in a machine shop.

——, Greencastle, Ind.: Your question has been referred to Miss Bouton, who will probably answer in the Household.

N. F. H., Belvidere, Neb.: We are ignorant of the formula for "milk paint." If some one will give it, we will gladly publish.

A. G., Toutle, Wash.: If a girl named Elizabeth is married as Lizzie, the contract is binding; but it is better to have her married under her full name.

W. G. A., Port Huron, Mich., asks for a recipe to take the oil out of an oil-stone that has been used so long it has gotten hard. If any reader can tell, we shall be glad to publish.

J. B., Mt. Olive, Ill.: There are said to be two coal mines using machines in the Sunday Creek region, Perry county, Ohio; half a dozen in the Hocking Valley region, but none in the Massillon field.

"Oklahoma:" 1.—You would better address a letter to the "Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C." 2.—Write to the Secretary of Agriculture, telling him what you want.

D. S. P., ——, Mo.: We are sorry to say we do not know the mode of manufacturing paint for red ochre, nor the price of the crude material. We would advise you to advertise the mine for sale.

G. W. N., ——, Ind.: 1.—Will Carleton was born in Hillsdale, Michigan. He is a popular poet of the younger class, and a prolific writer both of prose and poetry. 2.—We cannot give addresses. See Rule 3 above.

P. & R., Pinckneyville, Ill.: The water in the sap of a tree or plant is evaporated through the leaves, while the solid portions are used in building up the plant. 2.—None returns to the roots after the season of growth is over.

?, Conter Junction, Iowa: The rainbow shows violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. The cause is the refraction of the rays of light by the drops of rain. It is fully explained in any school text-book on natural philosophy.

G. W. D., Pilot Grove, Mo.: 1.—Henry M. Stanley is said to have been born somewhere in Great Britain. 2.—Helper's "Impending Crisis" has been out of print for years. The only way to get it is to advertise for a second-hand copy.

C. M. L., Westphalia, Kan.: 1.—Your land grant question is answered in the editorial columns of this issue of the WEEKLY BLADE. 2.—We are no trustworthy statistics from which it can be shown that crime is increasing. Such pessimistic ideas arise from the much freer modes of communication, as in these days of telegraphs and mail communication more crimes become generally known than formerly.

J. E. W., Waterville, Mo.: We are not familiar enough with the state constitution of Missouri to give a sketch of its civil government. We do not wish, either, to have to pass a civil service examination—in which the above question, regarding the applicant's own state, is frequently asked.

W. J. B., Belden, Ind.: 1.—The President, as to the appointive offices, can appoint whom he pleases, but the nomination must be confirmed by the Senate. 2.—We think all postmasters are required to keep registered letter envelopes. 3.—A recipe for sticky fly paper was published this spring. We cannot repeat.

J. H. R., Felter, Ill.: 1.—It is against our rules to advertise in this column; hence we can not name the institutions you ask for. 2.—Any college teaches civil engineering. Write to the president of the nearest college to send you the course of study. 3.—We gave a list of the "seven wonders" of the ancient world in the Bureau a few months ago.

J. F. B., Carleton, Neb.: 1.—We never heard there was a bear on the steamer Caroline when she was sent over Niagara Falls in 1837. 2.—No living thing ever went over Niagara without being not only killed but horribly bruised and torn by the tremendous force of the water. 3.—No live mammoths have been found in Alaska, but there plenty of their bones there. No papers have stated that any were found. What they did say was that Indians had reported that there were some existing, which is undoubtedly a falsehood.

J. M. H., Tompkinsville, Ky.: 1.—The answer to the question, "All things considered, in what does the greatness of a country consist?" is simply a matter of opinion. Ordinarily, the more wealthy and powerful a country is the greater it is. 2.—The six most powerful countries in the world are Great Britain, Russia, the United States, Germany, France and China, though possibly not in that order. 3.—The "Father of the House" is still Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania.

W. A. W., Syracuse, Neb.: 1.—The Patent office will not answer such queries. The official record of all patents is issued weekly, and patent agents all have files of them. To find out who have patented windmills, you will have to employ some patent agent to search the records and make you out a list. 2.—If an article is patented, the date of the patent runs for fifteen years. It is very easy to tell when it will expire. To find out if it has been renewed, you will have to employ a patent agent.

C. E. B., Toledo: 1.—Sorry we cannot republish "Ostler Joe." Its author is George E. Sims, the English dramatist. He may be found in several cheap books of recitations. 2.—Gold seems to be found always in quartz rock, which has been forced upward through fissures in other rocks, in a melted state. It is found in some localities in metallic form in minute fragments in the body of the rock itself; in others, in combination, generally with sulphur. Silver is found in similar rocks, but always in chemical combination with other substances.

H. F. B., Sparta, Ill.: 1.—The Samoan Islands have an area of 2,050 square miles, with 30,000 population. 2.—The Kingdom of Corea has an area of 82,000 square miles. The country is mountainous, densely wooded in many parts, with moderately fertile valleys. The population is estimated at from 10 to 12 millions. The Coreans dislike foreigners, and it has been very difficult to learn anything of them or their country. In 1884-5 American diplomacy and American missionaries succeeded in effecting an entrance into "the hermit kingdom," and the United States government is now represented by our minister at Seoul, the capital.

E. J., Lynn, Mich.:—1. Each Representative has the appointment of one cadet to West Point every four years. Many Representatives, instead of sending some one who is a personal or political friend, allow the Sunday-school to the youngest man in the entire Congressional district who obtains the highest standing at a competitive examination, and is physically capable. Such examinations have nothing to do with the examination at West Point, which is a severe ordeal one has to undergo before he can enter. 2—The name "Johnson" is simply "John's son." We are not certain of the etymology of "Johnston," but think it is "John's town." They are not the same name.

ELI PERKINS IN KANSAS.

What He Thinks About the Success of Prohibition.

I was lecturing out in Kansas last spring, where they have prohibition. An intemperate man came to me one day and said:

"Yes, Mr. Perkins, this prohibition will bring ruin to the state."

"It will, will it?"

"Yes, it will impoverish us and destroy our business houses."

"Now let's see about this, my friend," I said. "Let's examine this a little.

"If a Kansas farmer brings a thousand bushels of corn into Topeka, he gets how much for it?"

"Three hundred dollars," answered my friend.

"Now, if they take this thousand bushels of corn over to Peoria, how much whisky will it make?"

"Four thousand gallons."

"And if this whisky should come back to Kansas you would have to pay wholesale about $8,000 for it?"

"Yes."

"Would it be worth anything to your citizens?"

"No; I suppose it would cause a good deal of idleness and crime. It would hurt us. I never did think whisky a positive benefit. I—"

"Well, how much would it hurt you?" I asked.

"Oh, I can't tell. I—"

"Well, I'll tell you," I said. "It will hurt you directly about $8,000 worth. You would sell the corn from which this whisky is made for $300, and then buy back the whisky for $8,000. You would be directly out of pocket just $7,700. And, indirectly, it would cost Kansas, in idleness and crime—caused by the 4,000 gallons of whisky—about $20,000. It would take 16,000 men a day apiece to drink it up, if they drank a quart a day each. The loss of 16,000 days' labor to Kansas would be $20,000, wouldn't it?"

"Well!" exclaimed my friend, "I never heard it put in that way. I see it as plainly now. I'll never say anything about prohibition damaging Kansas again."

"Yes," I said, "if Kansas can save $25,000 on every thousand bushels of corn by letting the whisky made from it stay in Kentucky, the more she is damaged that way the richer she will become, till finally Kentucky, utterly impoverished, will have to call on Kansas to lend her money to build poor-houses. But there is one thing in Kansas," I said, "that will be ruined by prohibition."

"What is that?" asked my friend.

"Why, the poor-houses. Your poor-houses and jails will become empty. Think of a poor-house with not a soul in it but the poor-master! Think of a jail without a convict—poor bankrupt jail and poor-house!"

Kansas used to send out $19,000,000 a year to Peoria and Kentucky and St. Louis for drink. She sends now about $1,000,000 a year. She is saving $18,000,000. That is what is keeping up the boom in Kansas. Her crops have been bad, but her policy has been wise, and she will soon have a surplus large enough to buy the poor rum states.—*Eli Perkins in Kansas City Journal.*

Remember Humpty Dumpty.

The Englishmen of whom it has been reported that all over the country they were engaged in putting British millions into American enterprise, to water the capital and flourish on the American consumer, do not enthuse just now. They have discovered that the American people do not take kindly to the movement of paying profits to English capital instead of American. So our rich brother from abroad is fighting shy of the salt trust, and begins, in all probability, to wish he had not gone into the buying-up business so rashly as he has. The day is not far distant when, like Humpty-Dumpty, the trust will have "a great fall."—*Boston Transcript.*

What Will the Next Sixty Years See?

Within sixty years the world has seen:

The discovery of the electric telegraph.

The discovery of photography.

The laying of transatlantic cables.

The discovery of the telephone.

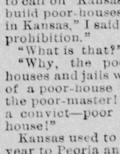
The emancipation of slaves in the United State and in Russia.

The establishment of ocean steamer navigation.

The unification of Germany.

The discovery of the sources of the Nile.

SICK HEADACHE



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They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York

MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair. CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

THE SAINTS' SONGS.

GEMS FROM MORMON HYMN-BOOKS

The Sort of Sentiments that the Salt Lake Polygamists Sing When Going Through Their Form of Worship.

THE Mormon hymn-book is like the Mormon Bible, a curiosity in literature. A religious denomination shows forth the peculiarities more in its hymns than in any other part of its literature. The Mormon may be cautious in his conversation, now-a-days to the Gentile, but in his temple he sings the wild Rimbucco of his sainted brethren without restraint.

Hear him as he wails, in long meter, against the men of other faiths who have come in to till the soil of his beloved Utah:

"Up, awake, ye defenders of Zion!
The foe's at the door of your homes.
Let each heart be the heart of a lion,
Unyielding and proud as he roams,
When the God-hating foe is before ye
Stand firm, and be faithful and true.
Shall we bear with oppression forever?
Shall we tamely submit to the foe?
No; the thought sets the heart wildly beating,
Though assisted by legions infernal,
We'll scatter their troops at a glance.
Up, arouse thee, O beautiful Zion!
Wake, awake, 'tis the watchman's deep cry,
Give the mammon care-clouds to the wind,
When the bugle's shrill summons is, Rally!
'Tis but cowards will linger behind."

Such was the music that made the Dante's nerves tingle, and sent the murderous banditti to perform in the most horrible tragedy ever played on the western plains, at Mountain Meadow.

They believe in their kingdom, and say so when they sing:

"The sunlit lot of heaven wax dim and expire,
And the vail of eternity parted asunder,
Yet, firm and unshaken the truth shall remain
And the heirs of the priesthood forever shall reign."

The glorious history of the church, founded so firmly upon Joe Smith's airy, fairy imagination, has been crystalized in deathless song and sung in slow and measured tone, in the temple and synagogues, from the salty shores of their inland sea to Kanab, by the sandy plain of Arizona.

A few selections from the hymn-book have been cut out and may be read by the sinful eyes of those who are not chosen:

"What was witnessed in the heavens?
Why, an angel, earthward bound.
Had he something with him bringing?
Yes, the Gospel, joyful sound!
Had we not before a Gospel?
Yes; had several taught by men.
Then, what is this later Gospel?
'Tis the first one come again.
This we Latter Saints are preaching."

"An angel came down from the mansions o glory,
And told that a record was hid in Cumorah,
Containing the fullness of Jesus's Gospel,
And, also, the covenant to gather his people.
O, Israel! O, Israel! in all your abidings,
Prepare for your Lord, when you hear these glad tidings,
A heavenly treasure, a book full of merit,
It speaks from the dust by the power of the Spirit.
A voice from the Saviour that Saints can rely on,
To watch for the day when he brings again Zion."

"When earth in bondage long has lain,
And darkness o'er the nations reigned
And all man's percepts proved in vain,
A perfect system to obtain,
A voice commissioned from on high,
Hark, hark, 'tis the angel's cry.
Lo, from Cumorah's lonely hill
There comes a record of God's will;
Translated by the power of God,
His voice bears record to His word.
Again an angel from on high
As witnesses do record bear."

"Hark, ye mortals, Hist—! be still.
Voices from Cumorah's hill
Break the silence of the tomb,
Penetrate the dreadful gloom,
Gently whisper, all is well!
Now's the day for Israel."

This earth was once a garden-place,
With all her glories common,
And men did live a holy race
In Adam-Ondi-Ahman.

We read that Enoch walked with God,
Above the power of Mammon.
And Zion spread herself abroad
In Adam-Ondi-Ahman."

The Mormons seem never to have produced a great poet. No Watts has ever risen to shine forth with lustrous brilliancy; no Heber has sung for the nation a song which would immortalize its author; dog-gerel is there in plenty, rhyme is made whenever convenient, but it isn't, no notice is taken of the lack of poetic sound.

The poet is a prophet. All Mormons follow prophecy making as a pleasant pastime, and the hymns glow with the results of these investigations into the future.

"Now the Gentile reign is o'er,
Now shall Zion rise and shine.
Thrones shall tot er, Babel fall,
Satan reign *no more at all.*
Saints shall gain the victory,
Gentile tyrants sink to hell!
Ghastly death shall conquered be,
Zion reign, and saints be free."

"The gospel's spreading throughout the land,
A people to prepare,
To meet the Lord and Enoch's band
Triumphant in the air.
But ere that great and solemn day
The stars from heaven shall fall,
The moon be turned into blood
The waters into gall.
The mountains sink, the valleys rise,
And all become a plain
The islands and the continents
Will then unite again."

Polygamy, the pet doctrine of the Latter Day saint is praised in soft and dulcet strains of the most delicious quality of Mormon verse:

"How have the nations grown corrupt!
The holy ties of wedded life
Are cloaks for the profane,"

"Where the voice of friendship's heard,
Sounding like a sweet-toned bird,
Where fond actions speak the soul,
Where true love finds no control."

"While lust and Mammon desecrate,
Where hell and love should reign,
Adult'rors gain the world's applause."

If the Mormon waxes eloquent and imaginative in prophecy he grows even more so when he tells of the land where the saints in holy commune dwell together in enviable harmony. To him Deseret is the Nirvana of the Brahmin; heaven is but another edition with slightly better binding. Listen to Parley P. Pratt as he tunes his lyre and spreads himself on the Utah plains.

"There is a place in Utah that I remember well,
And there the Saints in peace, and joy and plenty ever dwell.
My valley home, my mountain home,
The dear and peaceful valley,
We worship there, we dance and sing among the joyful throng,
And there our tithes and offerings bring, which to the Lord belong.
We sow, we plow, we irrigate to raise the golden grain;
Some haul the wood from canons wild, some tend the flocks and herds.
Both fruit and flowers we cultivate with much success and care;
And rich abundance flows on which the Saints regale,
Our leaders, they are men of might and truth and justice, too,
They're ever battling for the right with glory full in view,
We cheerfully obey each call with all our might and main."

"Deseret, Deseret, 'tis the home of the free!
'Tis a land which for ages has been lying waste,
Where the wolf and the bear unmolested did roam.
Deseret, Deseret, she has long been oppress,
But now for a while she is taking her rest;
Deseret, Deseret, O I long to be there,
Where Brigham, and Heber and Daniel preside,
With all the full quorums of priesthood beside,
Deseret; she's the pride of the world!
Where the banner of freedom is widely unfuried!!
Where oppression is hated and liberty loved!!!
Deseret, Deseret shows the pattern to all,
That they may take warning ere Babylon shall fall."

"Saints, have you seen o'er you mountain's proud height
The daystar of promise so brilliantly beaming?
All nations invite to walk in its light
And join to maintain the proud standard of right.
Our motto is peace, and the triumph of right,
Let the standard of Zion eternally wave
O'er the land of the free, etc.
Though earth and its treasures shall melt in the fire,
The planets be riven with the trumpet's loud thunder,"

The Mormons have a desire to see their Joseph. He led them into bondage and died before he could make another Moses of himself and get them out.

He evidently wanted to go to Utah, but the land of the setting sun, by the crystal shores of the salted sea was not for Joseph.

But he has promised to see them again and go them one better. Whenever a saint desires to recall that fact he draws out his hymn-book and sings a few stanzas running like this:

"Now I'm in Heaven's blest keeping,
With Jesus I ever shall shine.
Go, ye wretches who've slain me
Though in the tomb they've laid me;
I'm resting on Zion's bright shore.
Weep, weep not, Zion's fair maidens,
Soon, soon you'll be over the smarting.
And you will see Joseph again.
Yes, yes; then you will see Joseph again."

The field of Mormon poetry yet uncultivated is a broad one. Why should talent go to waste in the effete East, when the people on the alkali plains are hungering and thirsting for a genuine poet to come among them and knock out a few prize hymns.

To such a man the keys of the Endowment House are subject to his command, and any one of the high priests stands ready to assign his whole list of sealed wives to the singer of rhapsodical metre in the style of Watts.

MAKING TRAMPS WORK

T. EDISON BROWNE'S BIG SCHEME.

A Chicago Man, After Wearing Out Numberless Boots, Contrives a Plan for Turning Vagrants and Itinerant Peddlers into Unwilling Laborers.

Mr. T. Edison Browne, who has a pleasant residence on La Salle avenue, positively detest all manner of beggars, peddlers, and the other members of the basement door-bell ringing fraternity. Only the other morning while calmly enjoying his after-breakfast feast of reason, which he obtained from the columns of his favorite paper, he heard a ring at the basement door-bell. A moment later the servant announced that a gentleman waited without and fain would have speech with the man of the house. As Mr. Browne was presumably the man of the house, at least pro tem, he answered the summons.

HIS FIRST WORK FOR YEARS.

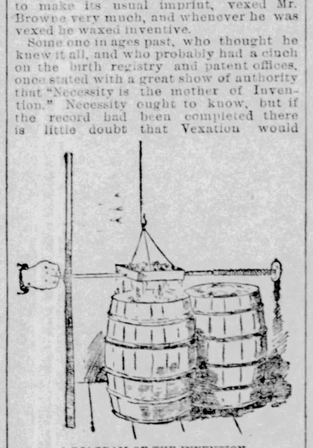
The gentleman whom he found waiting, though decidedly uncleanly in appearance, was nevertheless the proud possessor of three cakes of toilet soap, which he was desirous of transferring to Mr. Browne's keeping for the small sum of 10 cents. Now, the truth was, as Mr. Browne discovered at a glance, that the soap was as smudgy and as much in need of washing as the vender himself. The result was that the soap merchant speedily sought safety in flight.

Mr. Browne had, previous to this, bought a savage dog with a cultivated appetite for itinerant bloat. Even this had proved a failure, for on the morning of the first day that the ferocious

RECEIVING THE SHOCK SIGNAL TO QUIT.

animal was on guard a peddler induced Mrs. Browne to buy a muzzle for the beast, and in the afternoon a thieving beggar came around and stole dog, muzzle and all. This, together with the fact that the latest caller, the soap man, had got out from under so quickly that even his would-be customer's rapid-transit boot had failed to make its usual imprint, vexed Mr. Browne very much, and whenever he was vexed he waxed inventive.

Some one in ages past, who thought he knew it all, and who probably had a cinch on the birth registry and patent offices, once stated with a great show of authority that "Necessity is the mother of Invention." Necessity ought to know, but if the record had been completed there is little doubt that Vexation would



A DIAGRAM OF THE INVENTION.

have been the name inserted in the space left blank for the name of Invention's father. That there is no official information as to the identity of the responsible parent of the paternal persuasion may be due to Necessity's peculiar notions in regard to legal matters. We are told—and there are grounds for belief—that "Necessity knows no law." The deduction may therefore be made that Necessity never entered the bonds of matrimony according to due process of law.

Vexation, at all events, in Mr. Browne's case, proved the source of the great invention which is pictorially described in this column. It has been successfully applied in Mr. Browne's basement area, and his neighbors are clamoring for duplicates. Like all great inventions, it is simple. For the motive power of Browne's labor-saving ash-sifter advantage has been taken of

UNCONSCIOUS INDUSTRY.

the well known fact that tramps, beggars and others of that variety take keen delight in the prolonged ringing of unanswered door bells.

The appliance consists of an ash-barrel and sifter, connected with wires and springs to the basement door bell-knob. When the visitor is found to be obnoxious and pertinacious he is allowed to pull and jerk the bell-knob as long as he pleases, but by an automatic contrivance, after the first three rings the bell is muffled, and only the ash-sifter with the tramp attachment continues operation. When the ashes have all been sifted the sifter stops, but an elect

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGTST 8, 1889.

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Circulation Last Week, 110,000.

OUR SHORT-TIME OFFER.

The three-months' offer for the Weekly BLADE, which has been sent to subscribers and others, remains good *only* until September 1. After that date we shall receive no three-months' subscriptions except at the regular rates, printed in our terms at the head of this column. We hope that every one who has not yet done so, will act on the short-time offer as speedily as possible, because we will not be able to supply back numbers, with "The Demagogue," except for a very brief season.

SOME QUESTIONS ON PROHIBITORY WORK ANSWERED.

A correspondent at Berea, Ohio, has several questions covering points that bother him on the temperance problem. He sends them to THE BLADE, with a request for some light. The first one he propounds is this:

Why do not the mayor and council of Cincinnati enforce the Sunday ordinance?

The city council of Cincinnati has nothing to do with the matter. It is a state statute—the Owen law, providing for the closing of all saloons on Sunday—which is violated. The council is a legislative body, not an executive one. A million more ordinances and provisions would not make Sunday closing one whit more obligatory than it now is. It is the duty of the city police, acting under the mayor's orders, to close the saloons and enforce the law. But every man arrested under that law has to be tried for his offense. This is obligatory under the constitution of the United States, which provides, in the sixth amendment:

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the state and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, etc.

The trial has to be before a jury. The question yet to be solved in Cincinnati is, can a jury be impaneled which will convict these men? This has been the point at which previous prosecutions have broken down. THE BLADE has always declared that public sentiment must be favorable to the enforcement of a law to make it worth anything. Unless this exists juries will not convict; they will either acquit or disagree. Much as an enforcement of this law is to be desired, no resort can be had to autocratic measures. The provisions of the constitution must be observed. Let our correspondent watch closely the result in the cases now pending in Cincinnati.

Why is it that THE BLADE can find letters endorsing Prohibition in Kansas, and other papers publish letters showing that it is a failure?

We have no doubt that Senator INGALLS tells the exact truth as to the observance of the law in Kansas. In a few cities, where there is a considerable proportion of citizens of foreign descent, the law is not obeyed. Public sentiment is against it. As all other points in the state it is as well observed as any other law. If our correspondent will notice the names, character and standing of the persons who testify that the above is correct — that "Prohibition does prohibit," and then of those who assert the contrary, he will at once see which statement is the more credible. Men of national reputation—Senators, Representatives, governors and ex-governors, judges of the highest courts, ministers of the gospel, and others of the highest standing declare that the law is observed, save in the few instances referred to. No such names appear among the others. THE BLADE has no doubt on the matter. Many of the great papers of the country disbelieve that a prohibitory law can be enforced, and of both Republican and Democratic politics. Our correspondent will note that they are papers published in the largest cities of the country—New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, etc.; and the reason they are so outspoken is that they know perfectly well—and THE BLADE admits it to be a lamentable fact—that a Prohibitory law would stand not the slightest chance of enforcement in those cities, in the present state of public opinion. Our contention is, that the work of education must go on, that all temperance effort should be directed into this one channel, instead of wasting it in trying to adopt constitutional amendments that would not and could not be enforced, save in the small towns and in the country districts.

If high license is a temperance measure, why are so many brewers and saloon men in favor of it?

The majority are not. The more intelligent do, however—not because they are eager to pay the license fees, but because they recognize the truth of the axiom that "half a loaf is better than no bread." They see that the sentiment of hostility toward them and their drunkard-making occupation is steadily spreading, and they hope to find in high license a settlement of the question. In this they are mistaken. So long as a saloon exists, it will be a center for evil; it will take time for the majority of the people to recognize this so strongly as to be willing to act upon it, however, and seek in Prohibition, backed by a majority sentiment in its favor, the only final solution of the Rum problem.

What is the best way to educate public sentiment up to the Prohibition standard?

Not by endeavoring to build up a political party on the issue; because experience has proved that for every man who is willing to abandon his political affiliations for this purpose, there is an average of fourteen voters who favor Prohibition but will not abandon their views on the issues dividing the two great parties. Human nature is the same everywhere, and the majority of men are strongly biased, many of them bigoted, in their political and their religious views. They will not abandon their party for this issue. The thing to do is to quit antagonizing the political views of the people, but to bring strongly before them the evils of which Rum is the fruitful parent and the saloon the brooding mother, and to convince them that the only cure for these things is the abolition of the saloon and the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of Rum. The question must be handled as a moral and social one, not as a political one. Men of all shades of political belief must be brought, by such work, into line to ask for prohibitory legislation and to cordially support its enforcement when enacted. (The closing question of our correspondent was answered in the Question Bureau in full a few weeks ago.)

That either Kansas or Iowa will go backward and abandon Prohibition, we have no fear. That Rhode Island did, was simply because so great a per cent of her population lives in cities and large towns. The cities are the strongholds of the Rum Power. People who have spent their lives in quiet rural communities can have no possible conception of the different conditions existing in a large city. It is to be remembered, too, that certain classes of foreign-born citizens flock to the cities. Cincinnati is more German than American, for instance. The "American idea" of temperance is something so entirely different from their own that they can not understand it. This element is the most difficult one with which to deal; but the time is coming when it will join with those who are now bearing the heat and burden of the day in carrying on the work that shall eventually

Pulverize the Rum Power.

NEW JAPAN.

Japan, the "Cipango" of the old explorer, MARCO POLO, is every year coming more into line with modern civilization. She has recently concluded a treaty with Mexico, which is soon to be followed by similar ones with the United States, Great Britain, Germany, and possibly other nations. These treaties with the great trading nations, if not rendered necessary by, are at least a natural consequence of, the recent proclamation of the new constitution. By that document, Japan has taken her place among the civilized nations; and these new treaties are but readjustments of her relations to the different civilized communities — readjustments rendered more or less necessary by the new character which she has assumed.

Under the new arrangements there will be no favored nation privileges. The doors of the country will be thrown open to all the people with whom there are treaty arrangements and who possess treaty rights. It will be lawful for all such to settle in any part of the empire, to enter into business associations with the Japanese natives, and to share in the development of the national industries. Japan will assume entire control of her own affairs, and of all matters on her own territory. By and by the foreign consular courts will be discontinued; and everything which belonged to what has been known as "extra territorial jurisdiction" will disappear. If foreigners break Japanese laws or have wrongs to right, they will have to submit to Japanese courts. Very likely some difficulties will be experienced in carrying into effect these changes, but Japan must be given time.

THIRTEEN YEARS' GROWTH.

A table of statistics has been prepared by *The Economist*, showing the growth of this country since 1876. The purpose of the table is to demonstrate that New York is much better able to take care of a World's Fair now than Philadelphia was thirteen years ago. As far as that goes, the same statistics would prove the same thing of Chicago, but outside of all that they will prove interesting reading:

	1876.	1888.	Per cent.
Population	$44,000,000	60,000,000	36
Estimated value of property	$33,000,000,000	$55,000,000,00	60
Savings banks deposits	$900,000,000	$1,400,000,000	55
Gold, silver and paper currency	$820,000,000	$1,700,000,000	90
Gold coin	$130,000,000	$205,000,000	440
Silver coin	$36,000,000	$386,000,000	974
Mfgring, mining, etc	$4,400,000,000	$7,000,000,000	60
Foreign commerce (imports and exports)	$1,000,000,000	$1,500,000,000	50
Number of Post Offices	36,000	57,000	60
Miles railroad	77,000	157,000	200
Annual railroad freight earnings	$360,000,000	$640,000,000	80
Annual railroad passenger earnings	$136,000,000	$240,000,000	80
Average freight per ton per mile	1.40 cents	0.9 cent	—30*
W. U. tel-graph lines	75,000 miles	171,000 miles	120
Newspapers and periodicals	9,000	14,000	55
Pounds wool used	239,000,000	373,000,000	60
Bales cotton produced	4,500,000	7,000,000	55
Tons pig iron produced	2,000,000	7,000,000	250
Tons steel rails produced	750,000	2,250,000	200
Bbls. petroleum produced	8,000,000	28,000,000	250
Tons sugar used	750,000	1,500,000	100
Tons coal mined	50,000,000	110,000,000	120
Patents applied for	21,000	36,000	90
Bushels wheat raised	289,000,000	456,000,000	60
Bus. corn raised	1,200,000,000	2,000,000,000	67
Bus. oats raised	320,000,000	700,000,000	120
Value farm animals	$ 1,630,000,000	$ 2,500,000,000	50

*Reduction.

DR. BAYLISS, of the *Western Christian Advocate*, thinks he has made a good case against at least one frequently-used Shakespearean quotation. He says:

"The evil that men do lives after them; the good is buried with their bones." Then what of Wesley, and Luther, and Paul? Such pessimism as this quotation contains dethrones God and crowns the devil.

DR. BAYLISS quotes incorrectly. The reading is, "the good is oft interred with their bones." That is, it is not always the case, but frequently so. Unfortunately this is true. Yet there are many instances outside of those mentioned by him in which the good lives. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ROBERT RAIKES, and thousands of good and true men and women may be instanced as cases which are exceptions.

THE Democrats and mugwumps, in their fatuous hatred of BLAINE, are circulating reports that he allowed "humiliating concessions" to be made to Germany in the Samoan matter. What will these liars do when they are convicted by the publication of the treaty? There is absolutely no ground for the assertion they make, because no one, outside of the commissioners and high government officers, knows its provisions. But that any concession was made derogatory to the dignity of the United States can not be believed for an instant by any one who is familiar with Mr. BLAINE'S patriotic views on America's foreign relations.

THE statements that have been so industriously circulated concerning "defections" among southern Republican members of Congress because of an alleged lack of patronage bestowed, are being proved false. Representatives CHEATHAM and EWART, of North Carolina, and HOUK, of Texas, have already declared them to be false, and doubtless the others named will file disclaimers in the near future.

THE investigation of the Pension office is unearthing some things that will make the Democratic howlers squirm. It is found that Civil Service Commissioner OBERLY, under the last administration, had a finger in the pie, and that, through his influence, several hundred cases were made "special." The practice seemed to flourish like a green bay tree under "Total Wreck" BLACK.

OVERCROWDING of excursion steamers has received one decided rebuke in New York. A boat allowed to carry 3,000 passengers recently took 3,677 aboard, and the owners are now called to pay something like $7,000 for their greed—the judge holding that each passenger over the limit constituted a separate offense, and imposing a fine of $10 for each.

AGAIN the rumor comes across the sea, this time from Vienna, that a definite alliance, offensive and defensive, has been concluded between France and Russia. It is too important to be true. If it were credited in European circles, every capital would be in a whirl of excitement, and the shock to the stock markets would extend even to America.

THE New York Republicans are confident this year. They say the outlook is that hard work in the close districts will give them two-thirds of each branch of the state legislature. We advise a campaign of hard work.

THE salt trust is dead. The hostility of the people to these organized monopolies is so great that men could not be found to put up the money needed in this country to control the production.

NEXT WEEK!

Mr. Robinson Locke's Series of Illustrated Letters From Europe.

We have again been disappointed in receiving the first of Mr. LOCKE'S letters from Europe. A letter from him, received Sunday, reported that he had been busy gathering material; and we have no doubt but that the letter is now on its way—it requiring two weeks to reach us—and that we shall be able to print it next week. His headquarters are at Hamburg, and he will spend about two months among the people of Northern Germany. His series of letters for THE BLADE, will be

Illustrated by Photographs Taken on the Spot.

These letters will faithfully depict the home life of the North Germans, and will tell the American readers about the manners and customs and habits of this thrifty people. Mr. LOCKE was in Europe for nearly five years with his father, the late D. R. LOCKE (Nasby), and thus had an unequaled opportunity of familiarizing himself with this kind of work. We know that our readers will greatly enjoy Mr. LOCKE'S graphic letters.

BREWERY TRUSTS.

The question of the investment of English capital in American breweries has been gone into in detail by *Bradstreet's*. To quote the exact language of that paper: "It seems that the movement in connection with the investment of English capital in American breweries has assumed a new phase. Thus far there has been no formal combination in the capitalization of brewery industries in this country and floating them on the London market. The idea that there has been a syndicate or trust of English capitalists engaged in this business is an error. The facts are that the concerns exploited in this way have been taken separately or in a combination of two or three breweries in one city or district, and organized as separate corporations. The fact that certain English promoters have been more or less prominent in nearly all of these operations, as well as some similar ones in which British breweries have been converted into joint stock corporations, may give color to the impression which has prevailed on this subject.

But now the process does approach the form of consolidation of scattered interests. The latest English papers contain the details of the organization of another corporation under the title of "The American Breweries and General Securities Trust (Limited)." The prospectus of this concern has just been issued, and the British public has been invited to subscribe for its stock. In form the new corporation is not exactly what is known as a "trust" in this country. It is rather an "investment" company, that is to say, the capital is to be invested, by the directors in such enterprises as they may deem proper and the resulting profits or dividends are expected to furnish the means of paying dividends. There is something of the "trust" about this, and to judge by the criticisms which conservative financial authorities in England pass upon concerns of the kind, there is a good deal of what Wall street calls a "blind pool." Nevertheless, similar organizations have been in high favor in the London market for some time past. Formed for investment in specified or even in general directions, they have been and are being constantly floated, particularly with reference to the industrial corporations which are now such a feature in the current of British investments.

In this case it seems that the group of promoters who have heretofore been so active in connection with the floating of American brewery investments in London take a leading part in the formation of the trust. Its capital is to be £500,000, with power to increase. This indicates that the process of absorbing American breweries is to go on with renewed energy. It is further open to the supposition that absorbing the shares of the existing American breweries' companies that have been floated in London is not outside the line of its policy. In this connection the criticisms of an authority like the London *Statist* are not without interest. That journal has been somewhat outspoken in its remarks upon the recent "boom" in American breweries and brewery investments in general. The fact that interests indentified with the new enterprise have been connected with a similar existing undertaking known as the Commercial Union Brewing Investment corporation, and the methods pursued by that concern, are used with telling effect. The fact is that in that case no list has been furnished of the investments in which its £80,000 odd of paid in capital has been placed. Furthermore, it seems from the published balance sheet that only £46,000 of the amount has actually been so invested, while £42,000 is placed in "sundry loans (fully secured)." While the *Statist* does not so state, the inference from the facts it adduces would be that the "blind pool" feature of such organizations has been employed to strengthen and support the exploitation of the present appetite for breweries investments, and that the proposed organization, which will more especially give its attention to the American branch of the subject, is possibly designed for the same object. As the investment side of these enterprises is of little interest to the American public, these facts may escape attention. But in connection with the prevalent tendency in London, not in relation to American breweries alone, but all forms of our industrial enterprises, they constitute a phase that may have a tangible bearing on the whole subject.

DON'T ORDER SEWING MACHINES YET.

We regret to say that we are so badly behind in orders for the Blade Sewing Machine, that we are compelled to ask, as a special favor, that *no further orders* for machines be sent till the announcement is made in these columns that we are ready to receive them.

THE decision of Secretary of the Treasury WINDOM on the wool waste question, which stopped the wholesale importation of good wool as "waste" at 10 cents a pound, and that it shall hereafter be thirty cents a pound as raw wool, has been well received by the flockmasters of the United States. The national convention of wool growers has also commended the decision as honest and proper. The trick of evading the duty in this way was exposed during CLEVELAND'S administration, but nothing was done to check the fraud until the new administration came into power.

PROF. WILSON, of Cornell university, lays down, in a brief sentence, the exact effect of free trade upon the wages of labor, as follows:

Free trade between nations will, sooner or later, bring the price of labor—wages—to the same level the world over, and that level will be the lowest figure to which tyranny and misgovernment can reduce the laborers anywhere.

THE VANDERBILT family now control 13,488 miles of railways in this country. The day is coming when that sort of thing will be impossible. The people are patient, but when they do get fully aroused, monopoly will have a bad time of it.

THE COST OF ROYALTY.

The English people are beginning to count the expense of royalty. The discussions over the grant asked for on the marriage of the Prince of WALES'S daughter to the Duke of FIFE, have led the more pronounced Radical papers to make a itemized showing of the amount the English taxpayers have paid during the present reign to support the bevy personages comprising the royal family. It may be of interest to people on this side of the water to compare the cost of hereditary rulership with that of an elective head for the nation; hence we give below the different items of the cost of English royalty:

To begin with Her Majesty, Queen VICTORIA, she receives annually the following allowances. Bear in mind that the figures represent pounds sterling, and that the English pound is equivalent to $4.86 of American money:

Privy Purse	£ 60,000
Salaries, household	131,250
Expenses, household	172,500
Royal Bounty, &c	15,200
Unappropriated	8,040
	£385,000

That is $1,871,100 per year. Multiply this by the fifty-one years VICTORIA has reigned, and it will be seen that she has drawn from the British exchequer over nineteen and one-half million sterling, or over ninety-five million dollars.

Since the Prince of WALES, the heir apparent to the throne, attained his majority, he has received the following sums:

Duchy of Cornwall, accumulated funds	£ 601,700
Duchy of Cornwall, revenues	1,500,000
Repairing Marlborough House	44,650
Colonelcy	33,750
Marriage grant expenses	25,450
Annuity to Princess	250,000
Indian visit, private allowance	60,000
	£2,613,550

Prince ALBERT, the Queen's husband, and their other children than the Prince of WALES, have received amounts as follows:

Prince Consort	£ 790,000
Princess Royal	285,000
Princess Alice	128,000
Duke of Edinburgh	311,883
Princess Helena	162,000
Princess Louise	132,000
Duke of Connaught	360,000
Duke of Albany	188,000
Princess Beatrice	47,000
Duchess of Albany	5,000
	£2,408,883

Last we have the following payments from the British treasury to relations of the Queen, pensioned before, and who survived her Majesty's accession:

Died in	
1866—King of Belgians	£1,367,500
1851—King of Hanover	1,066,000
1849—Queen Adelaide	1,200,000
1861—Duchess of Kent	897,000
1843—Duke of Sussex	754,000
1850—Duke of Cambridge	1,114,000
1889—Duchess of Cambridge	228,000
1840—Princess Augusta	396,000
1840—Landgrave of Hesse	417,000
1857—Duchess of Gloucester	655,000
1848—Princess Sophia	922,000
1844—Princess Sophia of Gloucester	266,000
1860—Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz	110,856
	£8,990,856

This is exclusive of the expense of free residences and of pay from public appointments.

Payments to relatives of the Queen, pensioned after her Majesty's accession:

Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz	£135,000
Duke of Cambridge	650,000
Princess Mary of Teck	158,000
	£943,000

This is exclusive of special pocket expenses, rent free residences, etc., which would make the total at least one million sterling.

Altogether, our English brethren are paying rather dearly for the support of the throne. Its real power has long since vanished, and the Queen has even less absolute authority than has the President of the United States. For instance, she has the veto power, but it has not been used for over a century; no British sovereign would dare override the will of the people in Parliament by its exercise. The day is coming when the throne itself will go, and with it the host of royal pensioners on the people's pockets will go also.

As pertinent to the question of revenue eduction, the following figures will be of interest. The total collections of internal revenue for the fiscal year ended July 1 amounted to $130,895,432, an increase over the previous year of $6,568,956. The cost of collection was about $4,185,000, a fraction less than 3.2 per cent. Spirits paid $74,313,306 of the tax, and tobacco $31,866,860. Illinois leads the list with $31,007,419, and Kentucky comes next, its share being $16,910,814. The receipts from spirits show an increase of $5,007,039 over the previous fiscal year; from tobacco, an increase of $1,204,429. It will be seen that the surplus can be entirely extinguished by a proper reduction of internal revenue taxation without touching the tariff. We think, however, that the tariff needs revision—and this is an opinion THE BLADE frequently expressed during last year's campaign. A proper revision of the schedule of duties, and a reasonable reduction of internal revenue taxation, would wipe out the surplus, that bugbear of free trade Democrats, and leave them without their main argument for support in a free trade crusade.

HENRY GEORGE, the land tax enthusiast, who has just returned from a trip to Europe, in a newspaper interview remarked:

The average condition of the working people in this country is better than in any place I have been. That is because the land is freer here, the social pressure less. It is rather in spite of than because of protection.

The first statement is true. It is a fact, and has been proved conclusively times without number. But the concluding statements are mere theory, which we do not believe, and which are incapable of proof. On the contrary the facts are all against them. For instance, Germany can not be said to have "freer land" than England, yet wages in that country are steadily rising under the protective tariff adopted some years ago. The recent great strikes were all settled in favor of the workingmen, and the tendency of wages in all departments of protected industry is uniformly upward. One effect of this is an increase in the cost of production, which is an advantage to labor in other European countries, and in this country as well, as it reduces the evils of too severe competition.

THE New Orleans *Times-Democrat* is certainly right when it declares that there should be no class distinctions in our politics, based upon the foreign nativity or extraction of the citizen. No man should be elected to an office in this country just because he is an Irishman or a German or a Frenchman or of any other nationality. The only honorable claim that a man can have to office in the United States is that he is a true and deserving American citizen. Any other claim is meretricious, and in conflict with the spirit of our institutions and the lofty principle of patriotism. Whether a candidate be native born or of foreign birth, it is only as an American citizen that he should be supported for office. The cringing cowardice of political conventions and party bosses that for temporizing ends encourage class distinctions, in their efforts to catch votes, is condemned by the great mass of the American people.

THE "Wheel" of Arkansas, a powerful organization of farmers, has denounced the "shotgun policy" as a "flagrant violation of that right which every American citizen regards as the most sacred." There are some honest and fair-minded men in Arkansas, after all.

UNLESS all signs fail, Texas is going to have this year the biggest cotton crop in her history. Some estimate it as high as 2,000,000 bales.

BOULANGER'S DEFEAT.

The real nature of the defeat sustained by Gen. BOULANGER in the recent elections for members of the Councils-General in France can hardly be understood without a clear idea being first obtained of the manner in which they are carried on. The term of office is six years, one-half being elected every three years. There are 86 Councils-General—one for every department in France. Each department is divided into cantons, making 2,865 for the whole country. Each canton sends to the Councils-General of the department one member. These facts have to be borne in mind when we attempt to read the lesson contained in the election returns.

It was the object of the present election to fill one-half of the seats in the Councils-General—43 seats in all. The election is determined by cantons. The candidate who carries the greatest number of cantons in any department is the successful candidate; and the election being sustained, he is entitled to his place in the Council-General of the department for which he is elected. The first rumor was that Gen. BOULANGER, irritated by the action of the Parliamentary chambers, had resolved to run for 80 out of 86 departments. Out of 2,871 cantons, he was successful in barely 12.

The effect of this premature and disastrous demonstration of ill-directed energy cannot be helpful to the Boulangist movement. It was an attempt to demonstrate the general's popularity in the face of strenuous resistance of the government and legislative coercion by the Republican deputies, and it has ended in humiliating failure. The prestige of the movement is impaired, and a pretext is offered to lukewarm adherents for abandoning it altogether in the approaching general elections. The Republican canvass, on the other hand, will be greatly invigorated by a decisive success which can be interpreted as the beginning of the end of Boulangism.

Ministers will be encouraged to press the indictment against BOULANGER, DILLON and ROCHEFORT, to deprive them of political rights, and virtually to outlaw them in advance of the elections. The department of the Interior in like manner will be emboldened to exert greater pressure through the prefects and councils of prefecture under its control upon the constituencies, and to overshadow them with official influence in the approaching contest. The Boulangists have reproached the government for being weak, vacillating and unstable. It has had recourse to drastic measures for demonstrating its supreme authority, and may now employ some of the questionable election methods of the empire in grinding out under official pressure a Republican majority in the next Chamber of Deputies.

FORAKER ON DECK.

Governor FORAKER has a way of saying what he means, and saying it so that it cannot be misunderstood. As soon as he heard of the attitude of the law-breaking soloonkeepers of Cincinnati, he sent the following note to Mayor MOSBY, which will be commended by all good citizens:

COLUMBUS, O., July 27.

Hon. John B. Mosby, Mayor:

DEAR SIR—Do not tolerate any defiance of law. No man is worthy to enjoy the free institutions of America who rebels against a duly enacted statute. Such rebellion is treason, charged with its deepest dye. Smite every manifestation of such a spirit with a swift and heavy hand.

I do not make these suggestions from fear you need them, but only that you may have any assurance they may afford you in the discharge of the duty to which you are called by the action of the Turner Hall meeting of yesterday, the proceedings of which I have just read in the papers. Very truly yours,

J. B. FORAKER.

EX-SECRETARY WHITNEY is out in an emphatic card denying that he is or will be a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1892, or at any other time. This leaves the field clear for CLEVELAND and D. B. HILL.

AT a recent election at Braidwood, Ill., a Democratic mayor was elected. This is the mining town in which the coal miners have been on a strike for some time, and the free traders are attributing the result of the lection to the "disgust of the miners with protection." Well, let us look at it a moment, and see what free trade would do for the Braidwood miners. There is a duty of 75 cents a ton on soft coal, such as they mine (anthracite being on the free list.) If the duty were removed, there probably would be a large amount of Canadian coal brought in. There would then be just that much less coal to be mined in the United States; hence the miners would have less work. Now, how such a state of things would help the Braidwood miners, it is difficult to see. In point of fact, it would not and could not aid them.

ONE of the most interesting revelations of the coming census will be the determination of the relative increase of the whites and blacks of the South. Some claim to have grave fears lest the colored race was increasing more rapidly than the white race, and that after a few more decades it might be found to be in a majority in the old slave states. The basis for this apprehension is the apparently large increase in the black population in 15 Southern states from 1870 to 1880, which was 34 per cent, while the white population increased during the same time only 33 per cent.

IT is with emotions of the keenest regret that we hear the statement that ex-President CLEVELAND has determined to decline to enter the Ohio campaign and stump the state against FORAKER. Nothing would contribute so much to a phenomenally large Republican majority in this state this fall as CLEVELAND'S presence as a Democratic campaign speaker.

THE prince of WALES is said to be anxious to have Queen VICTORIA abdicate and allow him to occupy the throne. WALES evidently don't know his mamma. If there is a person on this subluinary sphere who knows when she has a good thing, and is fully capable of holding on thereto, that person is the queen.

FRANCE is urging Switzerland to fortify the Simplon neck, which offers an inviting road to the valley of the Rhone from Italy. There seems to be a growing distrust of the latter power among the French. Switzerland can hardly afford to accede to the request, however, for it would undoubtedly anger Germany.

As salt is found in over twenty states and territories, the Salt trust, if it succeeds in organizing, dare not advance prices to any great extent, as there are plenty of people who would develop the unworked deposits, and fill the markets with salt at present prices.

EX-SECRETARY WHITNEY is credited with the intention to start a newspaper in Washington to boom his chances for the Presidency. Are the Democrats to have a three-cornered fight for their nomination, with HILL and CLEVELAND on the other angles?

REPRESENTATIVE MCKINLEY says he is confident that he will be the Speaker of the next House of Representatives. So are all his Ohio friends. Mr. REED, of Maine, is probably his strongest opponent.

ISN'T it about time to smash the sugar trust? It has been in existence almost two years, and has already abstracted millions of dollars from the people's pockets.

THE biggest trust of all is the Solid South, by which at least half of the voters there are deprived of a right guaranteed them by the United States constitution.

RAILWAY LAND GRANTS UNDER DEMOCRATIC RULE.

A correspondent at Westphalia, Kansas, says that the Democrats in his vicinity constantly allege that the Republicans alone are responsible for all railway land grants; and asks for reliable information on the subject. We have always understood that a Kansas Democrat is a typical Bourbon in ignorance and non-progressiveness, and we fancy the charge must be true, if they make such a foolish claim as that attributed to them.

In point of fact, there was no Republican party when the first land grant was made. Understand that THE BLADE does not thiuk there was anything wrong in that policy, under the conditions existing at that time. A line of policy may be most wise and advantageous at one time, yet foolish and wrong at another. The progress the country has made in the last forty years has been marvelous, especially in the West; but a great deal of that rapid settlement and development has been due to the railways—and there would not have been railways till a much later period had it not been for the land grants.

At the present time, these grants are not needed. Thirty-five and forty years ago, they were highly advisable. Hence we do not condemn the Democratic party because it was in power in Congress when the practice was begun. We are merely stating a fact. The Republican party did not have a majority in Congress nor a President until 1861. The Democratic party had full sway during the time in which all the following grants were made. They are taken from SPOFFORD'S *American Almanac*, standard authority:

Aug. 8, 1846, to Des Moines Valley road, number of acres not given, in Iowa.

Sept. 20, 1850, Illinois Central and Mobile & Ohio railways, 2,595,053 acres in Illinois; Mobile & Ohio river road, 1,004,640 acres in Mississippi; 230,400 acres in Alabama.

June 10, 1852, Hannibal & St. Joseph road, 781,944 acres; Pacific & Southwest Branch road, 1,161,235 acres—both in Missouri.

Feb. 9, 1853, St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern road, 1,160,667 acres in Arkansas; same road, 219,262 acres in Arkansas. Same date, to Little Rock & Ft. Smith road, 550,525 acres; Memphis & Little Rock road, 438,646 acres—both in Arkansas.

Aug. 11, 1856, Vicksburg & Meridian road, 404,800 acres in Mississippi.

June 3, 1856, Selma, Rome & Dalton road, 481,920 acres; Coosa & Tennessee road, 132,480 acres; Mobile & Girard road, 840,880 acres; Alabama & Chattanooga road, 897,920 acres; South & North Alabama road, 576,000 acres—all in Alabama.

May 17, 1856, Florida railroad, 442,542 acres; Florida & Alabama road, 165,688 acres; Pensacola & Georgia road, 1,568,729 acres; Florida, Atlantic & Gulf Central road, 183,153 acres—all in Florida.

June 3, 1856, North Louisiana & Texas road, 610,880 acres; New Orleans, Opelousas & Great Western road, 967,840 acres—all in Louisiana.

May 15, 1856, Burlington & Missouri River road, 248,160 acres; Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, 1,261,184 acres; Cedar Rapids & Missouri River road, 1,298,739 acres; Iowa Falls & Sioux City road, 1,226,163 acres; Dubuque & Sioux City road, area not given—all in Iowa.

June 22, 1854, Port Huron & Lake Michigan road, 312,384 acres; Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw road, 1,052,469 acres; Flint & Pere Marquette road, 586,528 acres; Grand Rapids & Indiana, area not given; Marquette, Houghton & Ontonagon road, 552,515 acres—all in Michigan.

Same date, Chicago, St. Paul & Milwaukee road, 999,983 acres; Chicago & Northwestern, 600,000 acres; Wisconsin R. R. Farm Mortgage & Land Co., area not given—all in Wisconsin.

May 5, 1857, St. Paul & Pacific road, 1,248,638 acres; Western R. R., 1,475,000 acres; Minnesota Central, 643,403 acres; Winona & St. Paul road, 1,410,000 acres; St. Paul & Sioux City road, 1,040,000 acres; Southern Minnesota road, area not given—all in Minnesota.

Rather an extensive showing for the and grant policy of the Democratic party.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE LATE D. R. LOCKE.

As our readers know, the town of "Pulaski," in the opening chapters of "The Demagogue," is really Findlay, the gas metropolis of Northwestern Ohio. The *Evening Courier*, of that city, in its issue of July 30, printed the following interesting bit of local history regarding Mr. D. R. LOCKE, while he was a citizen of the place:

Speaking of the fact that D. R. Locke has used his name in the opening chapter of his novel, "The Demagogue," now being published in the Toledo BLADE, J. M. Huber contributes a bit of local history regarding the author who attained so wide a celebrity. "During the early years of the war, Mr. Huber and his brother Sam were engaged in the drug business in the corner where Karst's grocery is now. When the Montana gold fever broke out, Sam organized a company and went by the long and perilous overland route to the distant gold fields. Before going, he sold his interest in the store to D. R. Locke, who thus became Jake Huber's partner.

Mr. Locke at that time had been doing little or nothing. He had come up from Bellefontaine, where he had sold a paper, and was joint owner of the *Jeffersonian* with his brothers, Otis and Charles; but as there was scarcely work enough for three, he had much idle time, and made the drug store his headquarters. When he heard that Sam Huber was going West, he eagerly made a proposition to purchase his interest in the store, and when the sale had been perfected, he became a full-fledged storekeeper, for the first and only time in his life. The partnership continued for a year or more, until Sam's return from Montana, when the old partnership between the Huber boys was resumed.

Mr. Huber says that he does not think that Mr. Locke was cut out for a druggist, and would have never made a success of it. It was while he was in the drug store that he wrote the first of the "Nasby" articles, which soon made him famous, and it was not a great while until visitors to the town would hunt him up to make his acquaintance, and gaze upon him as some newly discovered being. But Mr. Huber insists that he did not run a drug store fifty years ago, and that he never refused to give Dr. Rawson credit for all the quinine he wanted to buy!

RECOGNIZING THE DEITY.

The action of some of the makers of the Montana constitution, in their endeavor to eliminate all reference to the Deity from that instrument, is foolish and in bad taste to say the least of it. The religious belief or lack of belief of any citizen is not a thing with which the government has anything to do, more than the use of an oath in courts of law, and there the form is changed to suit the convictions or the prejudices of the witness. It is, of course, no business of the general government whether its citizens are Christians, agnostics or atheists, so long as they are good citizens, and all American constitutions forbid any union of church and state. Still there is in the hearts of the great majority of American citizens a reverence and love for the Deity which is the strongest force compelling their actions. That reverence has always found place in the organic laws of the land and a trust in Almighty God is expressed in the constitution of the United States, as well as the several states which, together, make up the general government. That same expression should find place in the constitutions of the newly admitted states, and all efforts to strike it out is, to say the least of it, bad taste and can only emanate from prejudices which should have no place in such a gathering as a constitutional convention. The pretense that it would be conducive to a union of church and state is the plainest kind of subterfuge.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

We desire to send sample copies of THE BLADE to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce THE BLADE *everywhere*.

A SHARE of stock in the New River company, an organization which supplies water to a district in London, was sold at action recently for the modest sum of $810,000. The first bid for it was £80,000, and the final one, £122,000, was from an insurance company. The company was organized in 1613, and half of the stock originally belonged to King JAMES I. The par value was £100. The share just sold received last year £2,610 in dividends. It is evident that none of the water is allowed to get into the stock.

THE money contributed to the relief of Johnstown exceeded two millions. No wonder there was a fight over the disposal of it.

"THE DEMAGOGUE."

Its Opening Chapters Received With Much Favor—A Big Club as an Illustration.

The opening chapters of Mr. D. R. LOCKE'S new story, "The Demagogue," so far as we have yet received any expressions of opinion, are giving much satisfaction to the readers of the BLADE. The story is recognized by those acquainted with the section in which it is laid, or with pioneer life in the forest country of Ohio and Indiana, as photographic in its fidelity to nature. A letter from W. T. CLEVELAND, M. D., Kewanna, Ind., thus speaks of the first chapter:

The story is very interesting to me, as it reminds me of my own history when I began the practice of medicine in the woods of Indiana, in 1845. I have visited very many log cabins in the night, under the same circumstances, and traveled just such roads as are so graphically portrayed. I have been there—and the old women were there, too! I have slept in some cabins and found three inches of snow on the bed in the morning. Those were hard times for doctors.

To illustrate what can be done in the way of getting up clubs: In one town, where a considerable number of copies of THE BLADE are already taken, one man busied himself for a week in getting subscribers, using sample copies freely, that those whom he asked might read the first chapter of "The Demagogue." As the result of his week's labors, he sent in a club of *four hundred* subscribers!

If our friends would make an effort, they could raise clubs proportionately large in their own localities, and we shall cordially co-operate with all who desire to do so.

The two chapters given to-day carry the story forward considerably, and will, no doubt, recall to many of our older readers their own school-days in the district school in a country locality. It will be noted that CALEB MASON'S overmastering desire to rise in the world is already bearing fruit, and that, by an artifice, he has placed his foot on the first round of the ladder that will lift him out of the mire of his social and family surroundings. The history of that rise is the story of "The Demagogue," and it is one that is pregnant with lessons to every American boy. See that your sons read it.

THE CAPTURED BRITISH SEALER.

Our Canadian friends are lashing themselves into a fury over the seizure of the schooner Black Diamond, and the re

MUSQUITO EGOTIST.

By Louise Houghton.

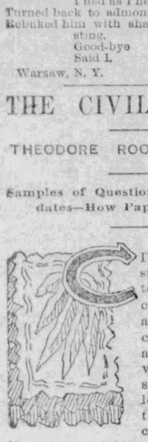
I studied my music, and practiced it well,
Sang it over and over—nobody could tell.
I was born in May,
The very last day,
When the green gates of summer were flung open wide,
And out from the cities came rushing the tide,
Of rich, full a many,
And poor 'thout a penny;
I gave up my house work, and met every stranger,
Sang cheerfully to them, tho' my life was in danger.
Stuck close, like a brother,
But somebow or other,
I labored in vain, tho' I gave of my best—
At evening sang lullabys to soothe them to rest;
They turned in disgust,
Tho' hear me they must;
I chose me a fat man with smooth, shiny pate;
I attended him early and sang to him late,
He said a bad word,
I fled as I heard,
Turned back to admonish, before I took wing,
Rebuked him with sharpness—some call it a sting.
Good-bye
Said I.

Warsaw, N. Y.

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT TALKS.

Samples of Questions Asked of Candidates—How Papers are Marked.



CIVIL Service Commissioner Roosevelt is determined that the silly charges so often made against the practical common sense character of the civil service examinations shall not pass unchallenged. He gave to the New York *Herald's* correspondent, in an interview, an interesting statement which shows how little foundation these charges of the politicians really have. He said:

Doubtless some of the false statements made in reference to the subject are due to honest ignorance, although it is a question how honest such ignorance can be called when people have ample opportunity to know the contrary. But in the main these statements are simply instances of deliberate and wilful untruthfulness on the part of those making them. They know they are speaking what is false, and they persist deliberately with the hope that the lie will injure the cause which they naturally hate with the hatred that the spoils-mongering politician feels for a system that would tend largely to reduce the power of himself and his tribe. The people forget that we examine men and women for a multitude of different places. For example, during the past two or three weeks we have held examinations for railway mail clerks, for clerks, for copyists, for special pension examiners, for assistant astronomers and for assistant topographers.

The assistant astronomer is examined on astronomy. To him the question about the rings of Saturn would be absurdly easy and simple, probably too simple to be asked in an examination. The man who rails at the system takes a question asked in the expert examination for experts and speaks as if it was habitually asked of all those applying. For example, we examine candidates for positions in the Nautical Almanac office. These are required to be mathematical experts. They are examined on subjects such as the calculus and logarithms, and the other day I actually received an indignant letter from a prominent politician demanding to know how we dared examine candidates on the calculus. He had heard this question asked of a few special experts, was asked of all who applied, and he jumped to the conclusion that his informant had told him the truth instead of telling him a peculiarly comical falsehood.

Ninety-five per cent or more of those applying to us for examination come in as clerks or copyists, or for similar positions, and the papers we submit to these men can be taken as fair samples. Here are the papers of clerk and a copyist, who have been appointed under our system during the past six months. I take them at random. One happens to be from Georgia, and one from Alabama. The copyist is examined on but four subjects—first, orthography, where she is required to spell such words as these:

Practical Tests.

1—Currency.	11—Measles.
2—Parallel.	12—Wrongdo.
3—Transient.	13—Hansack.
4—Coalition.	14—Extremist.
5—Engineering.	15—Newness.
6—Superintendent.	16—Trueness.
7—Allowance.	17—Enfranchisement.
8—Tyranny.	18—Carriage.
9—Accountant.	19—Persuade.
10—Provident.	20—Pursuit.

These were all spelled correctly except tyranny, which she spelled "tyrrany." She got 95 per cent on that subject. Then comes penmanship, which is judged from her papers in copying. To give an idea of what we mean by penmanship, here is a copy of an exercise written from the dictation of the examiner. Her mark on penmanship was 75. Then comes copying, to test the applicant's accuracy as well as her sense. She copies some things from plain copy. Then she is required to write out in proper form a good clear copy of a "crazy letter," as it is called. This is a letter, with many corrections and interlineations, which is to be fairly copied, in proper order.

It will be noticed, continued Mr. Roosevelt, that this, like all the other questions asked of the copyists, has a direct bearing upon the work they are to do. They are continually required to copy just such letters as this. In copying our candidate got 91 per cent. Then comes arithmetic, in which there are ten questions—in adding, expressing figures in words, and words in signs and figures, and also exercises in decimal fractions, and finally three or four questions of which the following is a fair sample:

Question 8.—A merchant bought 94 yards of linen at 50 cents per yard, and 76 yards of muslin at 20 cents per yard. He sold all of the linen at 45 cents per yard. What must he charge per yard for the muslin in order to make up his loss on the linen and have a profit of $2.90? Give work in full.

On this the applicant got 100 per cent. Her average on the whole examination was 89 per cent. She has been appointed.

Clerk's Papers.

Take now the clerk's examination papers. The copyist being a female, I will take a male clerk, one of those recently appointed. As I said, he comes from Georgia. His exercises in orthography, penmanship, copying and arithmetic are almost precisely similar to those of the copyist, but a clerk in addition has to write a letter to the board. The following is the letter this particular candidate wrote, for which he received a mark of 82 per cent. The subject given him was "A Description of the Organization of the Government of Your State." The letter is printed just as he wrote it, the signature being that of his examination number, because he is forbidden in filling out his papers to disclose his name.

MACON, Ga., Feb. 9, 1889.

United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.:

GENTLEMEN:—It affords me great pleasure to inform you that the government of the state of Georgia is Republican. Like the national government, it has three departments—legislative, executive and judicial. The legislature is composed of two Houses—Senate and House of Representatives. These legislators are apportioned according to population. Their meetings by the state constitution are biennial, but by adjournment they manage to meet every year. Governors are elected by the people for a term of two years. He executes the laws, makes numerous appointments, sends official messages to the legislature and has the veto power. The Judicial department consists of one Supreme court, presided over by three Supreme judges, and a number of Superior courts, each presided over by a judge of that district. Besides, there are Justice courts, County courts and in cities Police courts. The Supreme court has appellate jurisdiction. The other courts have original jurisdiction. The county officers are Ordinary, Clerk of the Court, Tax Receiver, Tax Collector, Treasurer, Coroner and Surveyor, and also County Commissioners. These all have their special duties. But time would fail to go into details. Most Respectfully,

2,139.

English Grammar.

The applicant is then required to show his acquaintance with the elements of the English language by correcting certain wrongly constructed sentences. Question five will serve as a sample of his work on this. I give both the sentence he was to correct and the sentence as he corrected it:

Question 5.—Try to do right, whatever opposes, and when your work is finished you will have the consciousness of doing your duty.

Answer—Try to do right, whatever opposes, and when your work is finished you will have the consciousness of having done your duty.

On this particular question he got 95 per cent. Then he is required to show his knowledge of bookkeeping. Here is one of the questions and answer on this subject:

Question 2.—December 4, 1887, D. C. Topp & Co., Louisville, Ky., received a consignment of flour per steamer Republic from T. H. Nelson & Co., St. Louis, Mo., to be sold on their account and risk; paid freight and drayage, $41.63. December 5, sold J. J. Good 100 bbls. "Superfine" at $8 per bbl.; H. C. Myers 50 bbls. "Gold Dust" at $7.50 per bbl., and S. H. Pryor 25 bbls. "Success" at $7.50 per bbl. December 6, sold F. C. Smith 30 bbls. "Pomono" at $7 per bbl., and Joseph Hill 60 bbls. "Sunrise" at $7 per bbl. December 7, sold B. F. Lawrence 25 bbls. "Gold Dust" at $7.50, which closed the consignment of flour. December 9, paid advertising $4.50. Charged 2½ per cent commission and rendered account of sales.

Prepare, according to the form below, account of sales such as would be rendered by Topp & Co., giving dates, to whom sold, description, quantity and price of each sale.

D. C. TOPP & CO. IN ACCOUNT WITH T. H. NELSON & CO.

1887.		
Dec. 4—To freight and drayage.....	$ 41 63	
Dec. 5—Sold J. J. Good 100 bbls. Superfine		$ 800 00
Dec. 5—Sold H. C. Myers 50 bbls. Gold Dust.....		375 00
Dec. 5—Sold S. H. Pryor 25 bbls. Success.....		187 50
Dec. 6—Sold F. C. Smith 30 bbls. Pomona.....		210 00
Dec. 6—Sold Jos. Hill 60 bbls. Sunrise..		420 00
Dec. 6—Sold B. F. Lawrence 25 bbls. Gold Dust.....		187 50
		$2,180 00
Dec. 9—Paid advertising.	4 50	
Dec. 9—2½ per cent commission.....	49 05	
	$ 95 18	
Amount to your credit.....	2,084 82	
	$2,180 00	

Geography and History.

Now comes the eighth subject, geography, history and government. All of the other subjects have a direct bearing on the man's capacity to do his work as a clerk. He needs to have knowledge of grammar, bookkeeping and copying. He needs to be a good penman, and to be able to cipher and spell in order to be a good clerk, and the marks on these subjects taken together constitute 95 per cent of the sum total of all the marks. The following is the scale of importance attached to each subject in the examination. The marks aggregate twenty, and the percentage each bears to the total mark of the examination is obtained by multiplying by five:

Subjects.	Relative Weights.
First—Orthography.....	2
Second—Penmanship.....	3
Third—Copying.....	4
Fourth—Letter Writing.....	3
Fifth—Elements of the English language...	1
Sixth—Arithmetic.....	5
Seventh—Elements of bookkeeping.....	2
Eighth—Elements of the geography, history and government of the United States.....	1
Total.....	20

It will be seen that only one mark in twenty, or only five per cent, is given for knowledge of the elements of the geography, history and government of the United States. If a candidate fail on this subject entirely he could still get 95 per cent if he was perfect on the questions having a direct and practical reference to the duties of his office. But every good American citizen should know something about the geography, history and government of the United States. The questions are a fair test of his intelligence. If he does not know something about them he is not fitted to be in the service of the government. This man got an average of 5 per cent on this subject. His questions included such as the following:

Question 3.—Name two of the most important cities in each of the following named States: New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Georgia, California.

Question 5.—Name the great lakes (four) which form portions of the boundary line of the State of Michigan.

Question 6.—In what war and in what state was each of the following named battles fought: Bennington, Antietam, Bladensburg, Cowpens, Wilson's Creek?

Question 9.—Describe the constitutional manner in which the President of the United States is chosen by the House of Representatives in case of a failure of the Electoral College to elect.

Question 10.—To what executive offices of the United States are foreign born citizens ineligible under the provision of the constitution?

Now undoubtedly almost every candidate might make a slip-up on some of these questions. We expect it, but we also expect that he will be able to answer the majority of them. Failure to do so, however, only takes off a minute part of his total mark for the reasons already explained.

These different classes I have mentioned include the enormous bulk of the employes in the civil service, and it will be seen that our examinations are of a perfectly practical character, and that any general statement to the country is untrue and can be made only by one ignorant of the subject or wilfully and maliciously seeking to deceive others.

A Tree George Washington Marked.

Before arriving at Capon, W. Va., about half a mile from the spring, a narrow way is seen leading directly across the road, in one direction toward Winchester, in the other, toward the distant Ohio. This way was made by the order of Gen. Braddock to facilitate the march of his army during the last French and Indian war which preceded the revolution. Washington was then on Braddock's staff, serving with the rank of colonel. A tradition is carefully preserved that he and Braddock drank at the beauty spring, which spring was well-known to the Indians, and deemed by them to have great medicinal properties, especially for rheumatism. The Indian maidens were supposed to be quite fond of walking in its waters on account of the silken character which it imparts to the skin.

But the great curiosity of Capon is the tree, the only tree remaining, which has the surveyor's mark made by Washington when he measured the Fairfax estate for its ancient lord. Capt. Vale, the proprietor of the springs, on whose land it has stood for so long, on account of an accident which has happened to it, has had it hewn down and brought to the patch where it is to be set up, with proper marks for recognition.

Such a relic ought to be in possession of the National museum at Washington. It is the only relic of the kind which relates to the early life of Washington, long before the era of his fame, when he wandered through the woods of Virginia intent only on his profession.

Platonic Affection Is a Failure.

Disclaiming in derision of marriage, Shirley Dare says: "For the life of me I can't see why a man or woman of taste can't enjoy talking over Howells's last novel, or the affairs of their acquaintance, or their dividends, if they want to, his easy chair within two feet of her sofa, just as well as if they had a wedding certificate and talked from opposite sides of the room, as they probably would."

"They can, Shirley; they can; just as well; but you don't consider the inconvenience of going home four or five miles to bed, nor yet the size of gas bills nor the cost of keeping up separate establishments. You also ignore the value of a home, which is one of the most felicitous accidents of existence. It is hard for a man to make a home without a woman's help, and unless a woman is his mother or his sister it is hard for her to give him really valuable help unless she is married to him. One of the handiest things in the world for a man and woman to have when they start housekeeping is a marriage certificate, and be sure, Shirley, that you don't forget it. As for platonic philandering, which you think so satisfactory, that will not wash."

Henry's Hair Invigorator.

Mrs. Latewedde—What is this in this black bottle, mamma?

Mamma—That? Oh, that's whisky. I got it to put on a sprain.

Mrs. Latewedde—Is that whisky? Why, it smells just exactly like the stuff that the barber puts on Henry's moustache sometimes.

Mamma—Did you ever see him put it on?

Mrs. Latewedde—N—o, but that is what Henry tells me.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Not Much Choice.

An Anglo-Indian lady boasted that her Chinese cook was much cleaner than her neighbor's Indian chef. They visited the respective kitchens. The Indian's pots and pans and utensils of all kinds were filthy. The Chinaman's vessels shone like mirrors, and Chang himself was sitting on his box washing himself in the soup tureen.

Mother's Eyes.

I guess God made my mamma's eyes
With some of the blue that's in the skies,
For when I look into them I see
Two little angels looking at me.
—*Congregationalist.*

A Passing Event.

Longjaw (meeting acquaintance on the street)—Well, what's going on?

Acquaintance (blandly)—I am if you will let go of that hand.—*America.*

If.

If Mr. Blaine's health were only as robust as the lies about it are, he might live long enough to look back upon eternity as one of the interesting episodes of his early career.—*Washington Post.*

A GIRL IN A ROBE DE NUIT

And How She Startled a Young Man in a Sleeper.

A young man whose house is in Chicago and who has been in Denver only a little more than a week, had an experience in the Pullman sleeper between Kansas City and this point which he will not soon forget, says the Denver *Times*. Interesting and novel as it was he does not care for a repetition of the adventure.

At about 12 o'clock of the first night out from Kansas City—the hour when most uncanny things are wont to happen—the young man was awakened in his berth by a pressure on his feet, and he saw sitting at the foot of his bed and dressed for the night in a spotless white garment with insertings and ruffles and things foreign to the midnight make up of male humanity, the form of a girl or young woman, whose features he could not distinguish in the dim, if not religious light.

While the young man is not susceptible to shocks so far as the foibles of women are involved, he was somewhat astounded, and lay still for a few minutes wondering what to do under the circumstances. Presently he found his wits and voice.

"Are you comfortable?" he asked in his softest tones.

"I'm quite comfortable," was the calm, unruffled reply.

The passive assurance of the woman in white interfered somewhat with the young man's line of thought and conjecture, but he was not long in formulating a second attack.

"Wouldn't you prefer a seat at the head of the bed?" he asked.

"No, I thank you," was the response; "I'm very comfortable here."

"Perhaps you would like a pillow?" he suggested, offering her one of the two upon which his head had been resting.

By this time the young man was thoroughly satisfied that the woman was young and pretty if not unsophisticated, so when she adjusted the pillow between her head and the footboard of the berth, the temporary owner of the premises was more pleased than pained. Partly in deference to what he thought was the impenetrable impudence of his ghostly visitor, partly in a spirit of fun, and partly on account of the proverbial meagerness of the sleeping car pillow, the young man held out the other leather cushion, saying:

"Won't you take the other one?"

Yes, she would and did, placing it with its companion piece and snugly nestling her head upon the pair. All this time the visitor had sat upon the edge of the berth, her feet resting on the floor of the aisle, her head and shoulders against the footboard.

The conversation which the young man had indulged in was in pianissimo tones, that he should disturb no other occupants of the car. The replies of his unexpected caller had been less guarded in volume. In fact, they might have been heard a good many feet away had there been any wakeful ear within the distance named.

As the creature in white lay contentedly back upon the pillows, her hands crossed, and her breath coming and going with what seemed to be measured regularity, tempus did not fugit very fast for her berth-mate. He hardly knew what to do, in the face of such indifference under such circumstances, but collected his wandering thoughts, and asked her again if she was comfortable. "Perfectly comfortable," she said. He sat up in the bunk. She didn't move. He put his feet in the aisle, and sat on the edge of the bunk close beside her. She paid no attention to him, when a parting of the curtains let a ray of light fall on her face.

The eyes were stonily gazing at nothing, and not a feature of the countenance betrayed the slightest evidence of consciousness. The face was pretty and innocent—that of a pure-minded girl between 16 and 20 years of age. It was plain that she slept; that she was a somnambulist and that she had no knowledge of her whereabouts nor of her words nor deeds. The young man would as willingly have kissed a corpse as that sleeping maiden. He tried, by talking to her, to find out how she had come to his bunk, but could get no intelligible replies, other than that her sister and herself were traveling to Salida, where they intended visiting some friends, and, moreover, her tones were loud.

Worst of all, the train came to a standstill while he was endeavoring to make her tell where she belonged. The situation was increasingly embarrassing. Suppose the girl had a father or big brother on board and that relative should find the pretty stranger young man's berth. Odds zounds! Suppose the young girl should suddenly recover consciousness and should scream, as only a young woman similarly placed might be expected to scream. Cæsar's ghost! The young man would not find a friend nor believer on the train.

The hero of the tale restored the maiden to her restful position on the pillows, dressed himself partly and went in search of the porter. That functionary was found asleep. He was told that there was a somnambulist on board. The porter could not make out what a somnambulist might be, so he called the conductor. The last named heard the young man's briefly narrated story and accompanied him and the grinning porter to the berth. There was no sleeping beauty anywhere visible. The berth was empty.

With many mental reservations as to the condition of mind and body in which the young man had retired the evening before, the conductor consented to waken two young ladies, sisters, who were occupants of the car. Only one of those young ladies could be found. The young man had not been dreaming. The sister who was found was greatly disturbed. She readily admitted that her younger sister had been known to walk in her sleep.

The car was carefully searched and in an unassigned berth at one end of the coach the girl was found snugly curled up and sleeping as sweetly as a babe. The operation of leading her back to her own berth did not awaken her, and when she opened her eyes to the morning light those beautiful windows of the soul gave no sign that the owner of their tenement knew what the night had brought forth. No one told her of her strange adventure, and possibly no one ever will. She might have wondered why the young man who had been so observant prior to the momentous night did not so much as look at her again during the journey. The young man himself did not wonder.

A Great Editor's Grave.

As you pass through Cave Hill cemetery along the avenue that runs just to the northward of the public vaults you will, perhaps, see the grave of George E. Prentice. You will doubtless be astonished to see it marked by one of the smallest and cheapest pieces of marble to be found in the cemetery. Near to this grave are those of Mrs. Prentice and Clarence Prentice, the son of George D. I mentioned this to a gentleman who was a friend of the great editor and poet, and who is familiar with the facts connected with the closing year of his life. He said:

"When Prentice died there was a notice of only a few lines in the *Journal* concerning his death, and nothing like a proper obituary sketch. The paper did not appear in mourning at all. It was understood that its proprietors, for some reason, learned that it would injure the circulation if much were said concerning the dead journalist. Furthermore, for over fifteen years after Prentice's death his grave was unmarked by any stone whatever.

"Prentice died poor. His last days were passed in a little furnished room in the yard of his son Clarence, who owned a farm near the country place of the late Dr. Standiford, on the Preston street road. His wife died many years before he did."—*Louisville Post.*

A Venerable Bride and Her Antique Mother.

From Warasdin, in Croatia, it is reported that a spinster named Catharina Dominico, aged 83, had been led to the matrimonial altar by a street car conductor of that district 37 years her junior. To make the case still more imposing the bride was accompanied to church by her mother, who is no less than 117 years of age! The old lady is said to have been in an ecstasy of delight at having been allowed to live long enough to see her "child" married.—*London Times.*

The Phonograph.

Commendatore Catalani, the Italian charge d'affaires in London, is the first diplomate who has made use of the phonograph for official correspondence. He despatched Cavaliere Copello to Italy with a phonographic cylinder containing a secret communication for Sig. Crispi.

We've All Been There Before.

"Do you like your school, Joe?" asked uncle, kindly.

"Yes, sir," replied Joe; "we've got a nice school, but," he added in a confidential tone, "I think they oughter get a new teacher."

On the Hotel Porch.

"Mamma, dear, do you know you've got 29 pins in the back of your dress?"

"Good gracious, child, how do you know?"

"Why, I've just pulled them at."—*Time.*

CURRENT COMMENT.

Tory Scurrility.
New York Press.

Few Americans have any idea of the scurrilousness to which British campaign abuse descends. It is coarse and brutal. Anglomaniacs are fond of comparing our campaign methods with those of England to our disadvantage, but our political doggerel seldom sinks to the level of this tory rhyme about a Christian gentleman and a man of whose intellectual versatility and character any nation might be proud:

When the Grand Old Man goes to his doom
He'll ride in a fiery chariot,
And sit in state
On a red hot plate,
'Twixt Satan and Judas Iscariot.

It will be worth your while in the next year or two to take adverse Tory rumors about the Grand Old Man with a large-sized chunk of brine.

The Chicago *Herald* should keep house, and not board at a hotel. Hear it. "Of all the miserable and infamous tolls that are levied upon the American public, that of tips to waiters and serving men of all degrees in hotels, restaurants, sleeping cars and barber shops are the most miserable and infamous."

Sad Lack of Sense.
Troy Times.

Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, says it is better to have fought under Lee or Johnston than to hold the best of federal offices. Get thee gone, William Allen, congressman of Mississippi! What you need is more reconstruction—of the intellect.

The Books Balanced.
Omaha Republican.

By our dispatches it will be seen that the count of the cash in the treasury at Washington has been completed. There was a shortage of $8 found in the new silver vault and of $15 in the old silver vault, in all $23. This is $5.75 a year for four years of Democratic administration. When the Democratic party came into power in 1885, a count of the cash in the treasury, after twenty-four years of Republican administration, showed it to be just two cents short—and the two cents were afterward found on the floor of the vault. It is refreshing to recall the fact that the Democrats in 1884 wanted to "see the books."

Of the Wrong Sex.

Baby McKee, it is reported, has shown a disposition to be a fighter. So did the baby Napoleon. These imperialistic tendencies should be watched with a careful eye.—*Puck.*

Like some of the dailies, *Puck* doesn't seem to know that "Baby McKee" is a girl.—*Dayton Journal.*

And Will, Indefinitely.
Detroit Tribune.

Suits are pending against fourteen ex-county treasurers in Arkansas who are short in their accounts. But the murderers of Col. Clayton are still enjoying the freedom of the state.

The Philadelphia *Times*, anent the golden wedding of Gladstone the other day, thinks that "the Grand Old Man and his wife of fifty years furnish an example of marriage that was not a failure."

The Trusts Trembled.
Utica Herald.

The failure of the salt trust has caused at least momentary alarm in other combines. The shares of the sugar, cotton seed oil, lead and distillers' trusts have fallen off, in one nearly $25 and in others from $2 to $6. The trust system is of foreign birth, and is not sure of its foothold here. So conspicuous a failure to materialize as this pretentious salt combine presents communicates a shock all along the line. Perhaps this is due to reflection that the failure of the salt people followed closely on the opening of their plans and purposes to public inspection.

Silly Bourbons.
Detroit Tribune.

The Bourbon organs are still mad and growling because Russell Harrison accepted an invitation to dine with the Queen. The Buffalo *Express* pertinently remarks to the growlers as follows: "If you went to England and your father happened to hold the most exalted station on earth, and the Queen asked you to dinner, would you tip your hat over your eyes, stick your thumbs in the armholes of your vest, and reply, 'Not by a—jugful?' Or would you act like a gentleman—provided you knew how—and accept the lady's invitation?"

Rev. Mr. Messaros, a New York clergyman, in preaching against profanity last Sunday, admitted that everybody requires some expletive, and suggested selecting some innocent word, such as "Violets." The Boston *Transcript* thinks that "Violets!!" has almost a too sweetly solemn sound for an expletive, but "Golden Rod!!!" would carry with it a mouth-filling emphasis that might answer on occasion. By the way, we wonder what is Rev. Mr. Messaros's favorite expletive.

Not Obliged to Marry.
Ohio State Journal.

Girls needn't be married unless they want to be. The parents of a Michigan girl forced her to go before a justice of the peace and stand up with a man she did not wish to wed. To every question asked her, where the marriage ceremony requires the bride to say "yes," she distinctly said "no." The justice pronounced the couple man and wife, but the Supreme court of the state, before which the matter was brought by some friends of the girl, has declared the marriage illegal and the whole ceremony null and void.

Our Own Bob.

"Robert T. Lincoln, the new American Minister," says the London *Star*, "possesses a good many advantages over his predecessors. He is more the typical American. Coming from the West, he brings with him its warm cordiality and heartiness of manner."

Sunday Closing in Cincinnati.
Chicago Journal.

This is not a question whether a man has a right to buy a drink or to sell one on the Sabbath. It is a question whether open, avowed, malignant violation of law, of which a determination and purpose had been previously announced, shall be tolerated. The American people will solve that problem as they have solved others equally or more serious.

Proving the Pudding.
Syracuse Standard.

People who contend that the Southern negro is lazy should ponder the opinion of the Southern manufacturers who, being questioned as to the comparative value of white and black laborers in their region, reply that the negroes are the more efficient and useful.

Right You Are.
Van Wert Bulletin.

One thing is definitely settled, and that is that the day of Sunday saloons in this country is past. Public opinion is asserting itself on this question, and more stringent legislation will be enacted next winter than ever before. The saloon men themselves are speedily hastening the adoption of restrictive measures by continually defying the law, and making their business more obnoxious.

It Is Good.

The *Iowa State Register* declares: "It is good to see Cincinnati, Kansas City and other large towns show backbone on the Sunday saloon question."

The Great Difference.
Detroit Tribune.

The great difference between a free trade dinner-pail and a protection dinner-pail is in the dinner.

Quite Significant.
Boston Traveller.

Isn't it a bit significant that nobody has to stand around howling at the top of his voice, "Republicans, get together?"

Manderson's Re-Rating.
Milwaukee Sentinel.

We are sorry that Senator Manderson consents to take the new pension and the $4,000 arrears under the new rating; but if it is the medical opinion that his injuries are of a character to give him the higher rating it is strictly legal and proper to allow it.

The Service Is Improved.

The Baltimore American declares it "can testify to the improvement of the mail service under the new administration. Certain Western papers, which, during 1888, reached us on the morning of the second day after publication, now arrive regularly twelve hours earlier. Other newspaper offices can testify to the same pleasant fact."

Russia's Claim Conceded.

The Cleveland *Leader* makes an excellent point when it says: "It is noticeable that the British and Canadian poachers fully respect Russia's right to exclusive jurisdiction in the western half of Behring Sea. They never trespass on Russia's sealing grounds, or, if they do, they accept capture and confiscation without complaint to the British government. Our rights in the eastern half of the sea are precisely what Russia's are in the western half."

After considering the matter calmly, the Cleveland *Leader* thinks that the investigation of the pension bureau, now in progress, is likely to hurt ex-Pension Commissioner Black more than anybody else.

Why Nine Out of Ten People Like It.
Troy Times.

Flattery merely consists of having one's secret opinion of one's self expressed in the language of others.

SENATOR CHANDLER.

How He Got the Best of Ben Butler in a Lawsuit.

An anecdote illustrative of Mr. Chandler's character is told at the expense of Gen. Butler, by the Boston *Advertiser*. When he was quite a young man, having but recently entered practice, he was called to defend a case at Lowell. Butler, or one of his clients, had purchased a piece of real estate in which a woman claimed a right to a portion of the rentals. A tenant paid his rent to her and Butler could not get possession. The case was quite a celebrated one. Choate had been in it and several of the distinguished lawyers of the day. Yet still Butler had the best of it, and the most the opposing lawyers had been able to do was to obtain postponements from time to time on various pretexts. At length the case was to come up again, The defendant's lawyers had given it up, and as a last resort she came to young Chandler. He appeared in her defense. Gen. Butler's brow-beating methods in court are as well known as the man himself. He tried them on the young man. But for once he met his match. Those who remember the occasion still roar with laughter at the remembrance of Chandler's thirteen "stories of the cock-eyed man," which he poured, one after another, relentlessly upon Butler's devoted head, and, as the slang phrase of the present day is, fairly wiped the floor with him. Judge, bar, jury and spectators fell in a tumultuous uproar of laughter, which no officer ever attempted to quell. Mr. Chandler gravely, although his talk had not so much as touched the case, asked for a continuance and got it.

The next day the tenant of Mr. Chandler's client, an apothecary by profession, called upon the lawyer, and asked what he should do in case Mr. Butler came to eject him by force.

"Kill him," said Mr. Chandler, quietly.

"What!" ejaculated the astonished apothecary.

"Shoot him through the head," insisted the lawyer.

Mr. Chander reached for a pen, and wrote:

"If Benjamin F. Butler attempts to eject you from the premises occupied by you, my advice is to shoot him through the head."

The next day Mr. Butler appeared with a posse, prepared to eject the apothecary. The latter showed his instructions.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Butler, throwing down the paper. "If you should shoot me you would hang."

"That is no affair of mine," returned the apothecary. "The advise of my counsel is to shoot you if you molest me, and I shall do it," he continued, with blood in his eyes, as he produced a big seven-shooter.

"Damned if I don't believe you would be fool enough to shoot me," said Butler, as he turned and left the shop.

He at once called upon Mr. Chandler and effected a settlement of the long contested case, granting to the woman a share in the rents which she claimed.

Watchman, What of the Night?

It looks as though the millennium would strike south of the Ohio river first, when it does reach this country. The new south is scampering up Jacob's ladder until the rasping of its hurrying feet over the flying rounds sounds like a boy rattling a stick along a new picket fence. The Georgia senate has successfully prohibited dancing in the new state capital, and they've just had the biggest prize fight for the biggest money the world ever saw, in Mississippi. Onward and upward is our motto—

"Every round we're climbing
Higher, higher!
Every round we're climbing
Higher, higher!
Every round we're climbing
Higher, higher!
Year of Jubilo!" —*Burdette.*

Making Sure.

Giles—Old Brown seems to be a regular crank. He never thanks a fellow who gives him a cigar.

Merritt—No, not until after he has smoked it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Very Fleeting.

Fledgling—Miss Coquette has confessed that I have won her eternal affections.

Rounder—You had better go and have an instantaneous photograph of her love taken while you have the chance.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Outraged Erin.

Gintlemin, I wud loike to ashk thim Amerikins wan thing: Who doog the canals uv the coontry, but furriners? Who built the railruds uv the coontry, but furriners? Who worruks the moines uv the coontry, but furriners? Who does the votin' for the coontry, but furriners? And who the devil discovered the coontry, but furriners?—*Life.*

Resources of Science.

"I'll sue you for $20,000, you scoundrel!" cried old Brown. "You've drawn th wrong tooth."

"Don't grow so excited about a thing of that kind," returned the dentist. "It will only cost you $5 to have it put back."—*Judge.*

Why Richard Was Poor.

"Judge a man by his eyes, but a woman always by her lips," said Benjamin Franklin. Now we understand how Benjamin happened to get so deeply interested in the study of electrical phenomena.

Her Sad Face.

Mr. De Rich—"What a sad, sweet face Miss Psyche has! She never smiles. She must have met with some great loss."

Miss Desmart—"Yes, she was in a railroad accident some weeks ago, and she lost a front tooth."—*New York Weekly.*

No Coldness Between Them.

He (on the piazza at night)—There's a cool wave coming.

She (anxiously)—Oh, dear! I hope it won't come between us.

And he drew nearer so it couldn't.—*Chicago Globe.*

He Would Like to See Trouble.

"Poor fellow, don't you find the world a sea of trouble?" said she, compassionately, bestowing a bright copper on the blind man.

"Am, madam," he answered sadly, "I have no views on the subject."

His Looks Betrayed Him.

Briggs—Who is that man over there with the sheepish look?

Griggs—He's a member of the Woollen Goods association.

A New Definition.

"What is the difference between firmness and obstinacy?" asks some one.

A philosopher replies: "Firmness is the sticking to your own opinion; obstinacy the action of those who argue with you and follow your example."—*Judge.*

And She Meant It.

He (enthusiastically)—"I love everything that is grand, beautiful, poetic and lovely. I love the peerless, the serene and the perfect in life."

She—"How you must love me, darling. Why did you not propose before?"—*Time.*

An Equivoque.

Tom—"Grace, do you believe in kissing?"

Grace—"Well, ma always told me to set my face against it."—*Kearney Enterprise.*

HOW DID SHE KNOW?

An Antique Spinster's Objection to the Mixing of Napkins.

She was a silent, stern-visaged woman, long past not only her first but her very last youth. She came to the boarding house table regularly three times a day for six months, and never exchanged even the barest courtesies with any one.

It was a large boarding house, where each person sat in any vacant seat that was available, and for convenience the proprietors kept the boarders' napkins grouped in the center of the tables. Each had a ring, either belonging to the boarder or loaned by the establishment.

"Mr. Fill," said the lady one day to the landlord, "I wish you would put my napkin in the sideboard drawer, when I have finished my meal; I don't want it to lie mixed up with all the others—it *smells of whiskers!*"

Summer in the Distance.

A correspondent, who climed to the top of Pike's Peak one July day, found the signal service officer melting snow for his water supply, the only one he gets. The officer said: "Sometimes I stand at the window with my telescope. The wind without is keen and cutting as a knife. I can see the houses of Colorado Springs, twenty miles away, the visitors sitting in their shirt-sleeves, sipping iced drinks to keep cool, and ladies walking about in white summer robes. I lower the glass; the summer scene is gone. Green trees, animal life, men and women fade away like creatures in a dream, and I am the only living thing in a world of eternal ice and snow and silence."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Symptoms of a New Craze.

A spasm of excitement agitated the crowd on a fashionable hotel piazza last Sunday, when a well-known belle sallied forth gowned in shimmering gray, and her slender waist encircled by a yellow belt fastened with a diamond buckle. For a moment there was silence; then a few murmurs and lifting of eyebrows, and then presently, one by one, the other girls sought their own rooms to talk it over. To try the effect of a surreptitious yellow garter round their waists?—*Boston Herald.*

Two Are Company.

Lily (to her brother)—"Why won't you let me come into the boat, too, Charlie?"

Charlie—"I shouldn't mind your coming, but I'm afraid if the boat should drift towards the weir and be upset, I couldn't save two."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Publishers' Column.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS WIVES.

Fruit, Pastes and Syrups: By Shirley Dare, No. 1 of House Interest series.

Thousands of readers tested this manual last year and agree that few books have more interest and value for housekeepers and fruit growers. The new edition, 1888, bespoken before it went to press, and added recipes, giving fullest methods of keeping fruit. Canning without wax or patent covers; crystallizing fruit which sells at 50 to 60 cents a pound; the best way of making orange marmalade, and the new fruit honey without sugar, as fine as maple syrup. This one discovery, on which the author was first to experiment in this country, must double if not treble the profits of the fruit crop.

No fruit grower can afford to be without this book. Sent post-paid for 25 cents.

CHRIST TEACHING IN THE TEMPLE.

A New Picture

See announcement in another column. Every subscriber of THE BLADE who has a copy of Christ Before Pilate or Christ on Calvary, should send 25 cents for our new engraving, Christ Teaching in the Temple.

THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

WASHINGTON ENTERING NEW YORK.

We have a few more copies of the above engraving on hand. Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

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We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

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A NEW PICTURE.

Washington Entering New York and the Presidents of the United States.

Printed on heavy plate paper, size 22x28, representing Washington and his staff entering New York at the close of the Revolution, just after the embarkation of the British troops for home. It is a spirited engraving, portraying the greatest event of our Revolution next to the Declaration of Independence. The centennial of this event will be celebrated in New York on the 30th of the present month. On the outside border of this picture are engraved excellent portraits of twenty-eight Presidents of the United States.

This picture sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address
THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

**"The Horse Fair

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

The Leavened Bread of the Ancients, and the Modern Loaf.

ONE of the first questions which is asked a girl who is seeking a place as cook is "can you make good bread?" and if she proves to be able to do that, and yet is ignorant of almost everything else, despair finds no lodgment in the heart of the mistress. She feels that the most important thing in the cuisine, that which must always be afforded whatever else is omitted, is provided for, and her very soul rejoices.

The making of good bread is an accomplishment which no young girl need despise, for however despotic the reign of personal charms before marriage, the time assuredly comes when a man's stomach asserts itself and tender, sweet and wholesome convey more immediate pleasant meaning when applied to bread, than when describing her own attractions. It may be a bitter thing to find so homely and material a thing, so powerful a rival, but she may console herself—if she can be consoled—that history knows no time when it was not so, or when it was not an important article of every-day diet. Even in the time of Abraham, Sarah is described as directing her handmaidens to make the "morsel of bread" with which her husband wished to entertain the three angels upon the plains of Mamre. To be sure, women do not generally have the pleasure of making bread for angels in these days, though they are apt to think before marriage that that is what they are going to do for the rest of their mortal lives.

EGYPTIAN BREAD.

The ancient Egyptian women are credited with possessing unusual skill in making bread—indeed, the art was carried to a greater degree of perfection than it has ever reached since, it we may believe history. They made both the leavened and unleavened in those days, but the former appeared in many varieties and shapes. A favorite way of preparation was to flavor it with aromatic ingredients. We do not know what was the exact offense of Pharaoh's chief baker, who was in prison with Joseph, but very likely he had served up some sour, heavy bread, a thing for which the king, apparently, thought hanging was none too good, since he had him suspended and choked to an unpleasant degree, in fact until he could not be resuscitated. This bread-baking business has caused a deal of trouble as near as we can come at the truth, ever since humanity was evolved.

HOW GREEKS MADE IT.

The Grecians learned the art of bread-making from the Egyptians, and became even more skillful than they. Women who find this work a rock upon which their every-day-happiness sometimes comes near wreckage, may take heart of thankfulness that they did not keep house for an ancient Greek. Sixty-two varieties of bread were known and used in those days, and we have no reason for thinking that when there were so many, the masculine appetite would be content with one.

The Romans probably carried this art to Rome, as one of the results of a war with Macedon, but they were practical enough to have professional bakers, to whom they gave special privileges. The grain was pounded and sifted in large quantities by slaves, and thus made ready for mixing. There was also, it is said, a special magistrate to look after these bakeries, and see that they were kept sweet and clean.

BAKING ELSEWHERE.

It remained, however, for England to consider bread and cake-making so important to public interests as to call for acts of Parliament for the regulation of price, and to keep the products up to a certain standard. They had to use just so much flour to a loaf of a certain size, and they must also bake and sell a certain required amount out of a quarter of flour.

Curiously enough, general as is the use of the bread in loaves in this country and in Middle and Northern Europe and Asia, that form is very little employed in the Northern countries. About a decade ago, the loaf bread was far less common in the Southern states of our own country than in the North, but whether that is true now or not, I do not know.

INTERESTING PROCESS.

Almost all of the bread used everywhere is that made by the fermenting process, the fermentation being brought about in two principal ways, by leaven or by yeast. The former is by far the most ancient, that being what we read of in the oldest works, and it still remains the favorite in France, where is produced the best quality of bread known. I have never eaten it; but if it be better than some made by our good cooks here in the United States, it must be beyond compare. Any way they use leaven, which is a piece of dough put aside from the day's baking, and allowed to get into a lively state of fermentation to be employed in setting the sponge when the next baking-day comes around. When it is ready for use, it has a sort of alcoholic odor. This is worked up with flour and water into a paste, and the Parisian bakers go through with the process of mixing in the flour and water three times, before the mass is in a form for baking.

SOMETHING ABOUT WHEAT.

Of course there are, as everybody knows, many different kinds of flour employed for the "staff of life" but the most popular is wheat, which grain is also the most generally cultivated. Naturally, anything that is of such wide general use would challenge the interest of botanists to learn all in regard to it that is possible. It seems to be admitted now that the original home of the plant was in Mesopotamia, and its cultivation extended from there east and west. Until the 16th century, however, the beautiful fields of billowy gold that are so familiar a sight over the broad prairies of the West were unknown upon this continent. Then the seed was brought here by accident, being mixed with some rice that came with Cortes from Spain.

Strange as it may seem, it is believed generally by botanists that wheat is never found growing wild, although very recently, Hous-saye has declared that it has been discovered in an uncultivated state in the mountains to the east of Kurdistan. This, however, lacks confirmation. If it be true that the wild plant is unknown, how the thought springs back to that far-away age beyond the memory of the present races of men, when its cultivation was begun. Perhaps it was when Atlantis with its people "like unto gods" in the possession of wonderful powers, still remained above the waters that later swallowed their magnificent cities, and the very earth upon which they stood, into oblivion. Who can tell?

BACK TO THE PRESENT.

And so we come back again to the present, for while we can not even guess as to whether the Atlantian mothers and wives made bread for their families, and rejoiced when the leaves came forth a golden brown upon the surface and snowy white in their depths, whether it was sweet and light and appetizing, winning soft and gracious words from their lords for its excellence, we do know that to-day the good bread-maker holds one key to the masculine heart, which never fails to turn back the bolt and give an entrance, whether or not the lodgment be a permanent one or but temporary.

Girls, do not despise the art of bread-making. There does not seem to be much poetry or imagination about it, but good bread adds a great deal to the comfort of a family. You may put into its making a spirit that will bring you a blessing, however homely the work may seem to you. I am looking forward to the time when the manual training school shall so elevate all cooking among the arts, that it shall not be a held a degradation to follow it as a calling and give it a fair degree of mental effort, such as is given to other occupations.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

CHILD'S RATTLE.—A pretty child's rattle can be made by winding ribbon or strips of cloth around a small round stick about a foot long. Fasten in place with gilt-headed tacks. Take pieces of gay-colored ribbon, fold the ends pointed and run on tiny brass bells. Make ten or a dozen strips of uneven lengths and tack them all on at one end by a gilt tack. It is a very pretty and harmless toy, and is easily made. The handle may be uncovered if very smooth.

ART CLUB, No. 2.—Almost anyone can obtain a colored study of either daisies or poppies, and unless one has had some experience in handling colors it is very unsatisfactory to try to paint without a colored design to go by. If it is to be painted merely as a study, a piece of delicate blue holland will do. It must be stretched upon a smooth board and fastened into place with thumb tacks. If intended for a plaque or panel the back ground must be painted and dry before the design can be painted. A delicate blue-shaded back-ground will be pretty. For this mix white, meglip, blue and a very little black; make three shades; the first nearly white, the next a little darker, and the third still deeper. put it on with a long bristle brush, painting lively. Take some paint upon the brush and begin at the top of the panel or plaque, and go across it in square short even strokes. Use the lighter shade at the top, and do not join the shades straight across, rather have them in sort of uneven notches.

When dry transfer the design with care. For the petals use white and meglip with a tiny touch of Naple's yellow to prevent it looking crude. Begin at the top of a petal, and with a medium sable brush filled with paint draw down the edge of a petal, taking care not to go outside of the outline. Be sure to make the strokes long and clear, so the edges will be smooth and unbroken, and not daubby. This is one of the hardest things for much a new beginner. It seems so much easier to dab, dab, down the edge than to go down in one or two strokes.

Where there are shades upon the petals, use a very delicate shading made of white, with a very little ochalt madder lake and Naples yellow. For the stamens use cadmium yellow No. 1, or chrome yellow shaded with burnt sienna. For the leaves, use several shades of green made from Zinnober green No. 1, adding chrome yellow and burnt sienna to form the several shades. Leaves can never be painted to look natural unless they are copies direct from nature and carefully studies the shadings. Leaves are the most difficult and least-paid-attention-to detail in flower painting. No one thousand can paint them to look natural. Poppies are very easy and showy to paint, and are, at the same time, good studies. We will select a branch of two or three full-blown ones and several buds. A shaded grey is a good back ground for scarlet or pink poppies. Let the light shade view the dark diagonally, the lightest shade being at the top. For the three shades by mixing white, black, Naples yellow and blue, using a very little of the two latter colors and a very little crimson lake. For scarlet ones use madder lake and vermilion, yellow ocher and white, with a little cobalt, raw umber, burnt sienna and black for the shadows.

For the centers use green the same as for the leaves, with tiny touches of white dots. For the leaves which are a cold grayish green, use three shades of the following: Zinnobar green No. 1, Antwerp blue, raw umber, burnt sienna, black cadmium and madder lake, mixed with white. The veins are greyish white. In mixing any color where several colors are used take the most prominent colors and add to it a very little touch of the other colors. Mix thoroughly and if it is not the tint desired add a little at a time of the different colors until it is just right.

This can only be learnad by experience and cannot be done hurriedly. In mixing colors for complexions, I often spend half an hour before the color is just right. One has to add such a little each time and then mix well and add another color, and so on until it is right. I shall say very little about flower painting, as our friend Mrs. Thompson has given so many excellent articles upon it, and has described so many different flowers. I am ready to answer all and any questions in regard to painting through THE BLADE.

MONTANA MAY.

PAPER RACK.—This rack is made of a small white-wire broiler, of the kind which is made in two pieces, with perpendicular bars fastened at the bottom with hinges, and having a handle on the top of each piece. Let the side which has the shorter handle be for the front. Then weave in and out, over the front bars, ribbons an inch in width, of any pretty contrasting colors. Fasten ribbons at each side of the frame, and then tie them in bows, leaving the bars separate at the top just far enough to hold the newspapers. Bend over the shorter handle close to the front bars. It is to be hung by the long handle. The bars may be gilded or bronzed before being trimmed.—MAUDE DEVERE.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, doublechain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

KNITTED RUGS.—An economical material for these are old woven underwear. The strips must be broad enough to be strong. If the material is white it may be dyed to suit the taste. Common carpet rags can also be used. Handsome rugs, resembling far costlier ones, are chrocheted from strips of old worsted dresses. If these are in bright colors and mixed when the strips are sewed together, the effect is that of a rich weaving. The needles are chosen to suit the size of the worsted. An ingenious boy can make them of wood. One good blind woman I knew was made quite content making these (not the needles, but the rugs). As the blind can knit with ease, it cannot be so difficult. If Miss Bouton has no objections, I can send several very pretty directions for making lace, tidies, etc., that are quite short.—DE VERE FERO.

We shall be glad to have them.—ED.

A PRETTY LACE.—Make a chain of 10 sts—turn—sh in 5 st—ch 4—sh in last st—ch 4—turn—sh in sh—7 d c on ch 4 of last row—sh in sh—ch 3—5 d c on ch 4 at beginning of last row—ch 5—turn—5 d c on ch 3 of last row—sh 3—sh in sh—4 ch—sh in sh—1 d c in ch 4 at end of row—ch 4—turn—sh in sh—7 d c on ch 4—sh in sh—ch 3—5 d c in ch 3 of last row—ch 3—5 d c on ch 5—turn—5 d c on first ch of 3—ch 3—5 d c on next 3 ch—ch 3—sh in sh—ch 4—sh in sh—this makes 1 point—repeat. Can be made wider by making 2 or 3 rows of open work and working more on the point.—EDITH MAY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME USEFUL INFORMATION.—I want to tell "Minnie" what to do with her calla lily in summer, or rather how I do with mine, and they are a perfect success. A gentleman passed up the Nile and saw thousands of these lovely lilies standing along its banks, and while he was gone the Nile overflowed, and when he returned they were all in bloom. Now, when there is anything the matter with my calla I flood it, and by so doing I make it grow or bloom, whichever it needs to do. I have a spotted one this summer and it has not grown as fast as I wanted it too, so every morning after the first one, I pour very hot water on the dirt, and have never killed one yet by so doing. A stone jar, such as we put fruit in, is the best to use: fill it part full of rich dirt and on that put some sand; be sure, however, that the jar is large enough to hold the roots easily. For the coming year let the dirt and sand together fill the jar two-thirds full; then the first morning of flooding put on warm water, afterwards hot water as I said. It will grow and soon bloom. If the first bloom seems too yellow and is not a rich cream color, pour off all the water, and wet it every morning as you do the rest of your plants. The second summer, in June, lay your lily in its pot down on its side, under some shady rose bush or tree, something that will shade it as much as possible, or perhaps the cellar will do as well as any place, and water it once in a while, so that it will not get too dry and die. Let it remain in this way until September, then take it up, cut off all bad leaves, put it in a larger pot with new dirt, and if there are any little ones started, cut them off or leave them on, as you choose, though it will require a much larger pot if you leave the small ones on, but it will be a lovelier plant, then let it get started to growing, and flood as before. I know it is heart-breaking to lay these lovely lilies down, but its future growth will compensate for all that. I took these instructions from a BLADE scrap book, belonging to a friend. She had saved them several years.

In BLADE of July 11 "Mrs. E. B. L." asks for a remedy for greasy or shiny look on one's face. Use magnesia. You can procure it at the druggist's. It comes in paper packages. Appiy it to the face after washing, while the face is damp. It is not a paint or cosmetic, but has medicinal qualities. It is just as good for pimples on the face.—OREGON NELL.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.—I will begin my remarks with the following question: Should young ladies receive special attention from gentlemen who occasionally indulge in a moderate use of intoxicating liquors?

We all know that drunkards were at one time only moderate drinkers, and if a young man refuses to abstain from alcoholic liquor he may become a drunkard. But we will leave out the great danger of becoming a drunkard, and take for example a young man who never drinks to excess. Suppose he marries a good temperance girl, and always succeeds in controlling his appetite. If their sons are not taught to avoid alcoholic liquors as they would any other poison, are they not in danger of becoming moderate drinkers and then drunkards, because they may inherit their father's taste for alcohol without his self-control? If the daughters are not taught to shun young men who are moderate drinkers, may they not marry those who will become drunkards and make their lives a misery. The mother may try to teach her children to avoid alcohol in all its forms, and to shun those who use it, but how can she do this when their father takes an occasional glass and insists that it does not harm him.

If she does succeed in teaching her children to abhor the cup will they have perfect confidence in their father, the one whom she should respect and love above all other earthly beings?

Some young lady may say "We often have gentlemen friends whom we do not expect to marry and it is nothing to us if they do indulge in a glass of strong drink occasionally." The gentlemen friends who do not marry us may marry others, and for the sake of their future wives and children, for their own sake and for the sake of our influence, I think that we should insist upon our friends being total abstainers from alcholic liquor. If they care more for strong drink than they do for our friendship and society, or if they would rather do wrong and meet our disapproval than to say no to those with whom they are in the habit of drinking, I think we had better drop them.

I would like to hear from other members of the HOUSEHOLD on this subject, also from Miss Bouton if she has not too many other subjects to demand her attention.

What a grand work our editor is doing! So many thousand women are getting a knowledge from THE HOUSEHOLD which will make their lives more useful and happy.

I was particularly impressed with Miss Bouton's article on "Woman's Rights." We do not want masculine women, but how much better the world would be if we had more good, strong-minded women.—TEMPERANCE GIRL.

HOW THEY DID IT.—Having received the editor's kind permission to come again, I gladly avail myself of the privilege. I consider the HOUSEHOLD the most valuable of all the valuable departments of the good old BLADE, thanks to our editor and the many helpful sisters. Now in this visit I wish to tell you how we raised a nice little sum of money for the church. This is an old, old story, but as new fields, as churches and Sabbath schools are nearly always in need of funds, and something novel is always welcome. To begin with, our church needed a rather large sum of money for repair and, as is usual, the Ladies Aid society was looked to for a generous share. One of the ladies conceived of, and, with the help of the society, carried out the following plan:

A committee was appointed who visited not only members of the church, but also members of other churches and non-sectarians (and to their credit be it said that the outsiders contributed quite as generously as did the members of our own church), explained that they contemplated giving an "Art loan exhibition," and so requested the loan of any article in their possession which would be an object of interest either for its beauty, novelty, scarcity or antiquity. The result was a large and varied collection of curios, and handsome, unique and antique articles.

Beside a wonderfully large collection of works of art, and vieing with it, were all sorts of curiosities and relics of past ages. There was a "dummy" dressed in a bonafide outfit of one hundred years ago that had been carefully preserved; there were hand-carved vases, centuries old; there was a piece of real "parchment," which many of our young people had never before seen; there were valuable stones in unique settings, jewels the like of which few in our little village ever had an opportunity of beholding. There were spinning-wheels and looms; there were paintings, embroideries, etc., in untold variety. But why continue? In fact, there was a complete museum. To save the expense of renting a hall, the church was used for the exhibition. Of, course, articles were placed in such position as to be *seen* not *handled*, and articles of great value were under glass and carefully guarded, though this may have been an unnecessary precaution.

When the articles were all in place, the exhibition was advertised, being kept open morning, afternoon and evening, all through the week with a small admittance fee. Many who attended came again and again, saying they were never tired of seeing, and indeed the collection was well worthy of interest.

The result was a surprise to all, as the treasurer, at the close, showed a sum quite beyond their most hopeful anticipations, and as it had been realized with very little work and less expense, we were the more pleased. I wish you would try it and report through THE HOUSEHOLD. It would be advisable to choose a "hill" season, though I think it might be made a success at any time.

Almost every family has something to contribute. They may think they have not, as one is likely to undervalue his own belongings, but persevere. Suggest and question, and then if you have not succeeded in getting something, ask to be allowed to look over the house, and in the attic; that is, if they seem favorably disposed; if not, you had better think "discretion the better part of valor," and depart.—RARA AVIS.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one tell what will take out grease spots on a pine floor, and also what will take black ink out of a white table cloth?—J. M. MOSER.

Will some one send me a few pieces of poetry suitable for recitations?—STELLA M. CRONE, West Lebanon, Ind.

Will some of the kind readers of THE HOUSEHOLD who have sheet music to spare please send to me? They will be greatly appreciated.—MRS. LIZZIE DAYTON, Brooklyn, Iowa,

I desire to make an album of postal cards and would be pleased to receive a postal with verse and name and address thereon from all readers of THE BLADE.—BLANCHE KNOTT, Mitchell, Lawrence Co., Ind.

I have quite a large amount of reading matter in the shape of Harper's Magazine, 7 years, Atlantic 3 years, and several years of Youth's Companion, and a number of childrens books which my five have outgrown. I will gladly send any or all to any family or charitable institution who will pay the postage or freight on same, as I cannot do that. Any one wishing it can send their address to Box 106 Olivet, Mich. I like THE BLADE very much, and get many good things from it.—MRS. J. P. REYNOLDS.

Will some one of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me a good way to break or cleanse hard water to make it fit for laundry purposes? Also give good recipe for washing fluid or something similar? Will some one tell me how to make cucumber pickles without vinegar? Have seen and liked them.—MRS. OKLAHOMA.

Please inform me how to get rid of warts? Also what is the cause of some persons knitting the brow in deep study until it forms wrinkles which are fixed or set and cannot be removed by recreation. What will remove them? What is the price of brass headed furniture nails?—RUTH GOLDSHIRE.

Will some one please give through the HOUSEHOLD directions for making husk mats?—M.

Will some housekeeper please send recipe for making tomato catsup, also for pickling peaches?—A READER.

Will any one tell me what will cure colic permanently, I mean in babies from 3 to 6 months old?—L., Milford, Ill.

Will some of the readers of THE BLADE please send me pieces of silk, satin or worsted, six inches square, with their names worked on them in any stitch they may wish? Would be very thankful.—MRS. NELLIE AMMERMAN, West Lebanon, Ind.

Can any of THE BLADE readers tell how to put up cucumbers for pickles that are sweetened, such as we buy from barrels? —MRS. M. M. RUMMELL.

If the lady who inquired through THE BLADE for instructions for hem-stitching will write to Mrs. D. McKenzie, Living Spring, Iowa, she will receive full instructions, together with a sample to go by.—D. MCKENZIE.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

E. D. You could have the marriage ceremony at noon, say at twelve or one o'clock. If the train you wish to go on leaves at four, that will not give you too much time, as you would have to go from the house some time before that. Serve such refreshments as you would at a luncheon. The following is a simple menu and yet a very appetizing one:

MENU.

Shrimp Salad.....Wafers
Chicken Croquettes, Cream Potatoes, Olives.
Currant Jelly. Rolls. Coffee.
Ice Cream, Cake.....Fruit

Serve the salad to each person upon a lettuce leaf, with a slice or two of ripe tomato laid upon it. It makes a pretty looking dish.

Seat your guests around small tables, and have them served from the large one, which may be spread in the center of the dining room, or things may be brought directly from the kitchen. If the large table is used, put a good sized bowl, either of china or glass, in the center, filled with whatever flower you have used largely.

Trim the house with flowers letting some one blossom predominate. Field daisies, if you can get enough of them, and near a small village it would seem that you might, are very pretty. That, however, must be governed by what is possible.

"A Subscriber," if there are invited guests at the wedding, good taste would demand refreshments, unless they were only invited to the church to witness the ceremony, and then the bridal pair went directly to the cars to depart on their wedding tour.

The menu given above will answer your second question.

The gloves should match the traveling suit.

If there are any other inquiries either of you desire to make, we shall be glad to answer.—ED.

MRS. J. W. M., Jefferson, N. Y., you can learn about the Argentine Republic in any good encyclopedia.

The readers of the BLADE that sent me postage, and did not receive as many as the postage would permit, it was because I have run out of magazines, and will send them some more after a while.—J. C. WILSON, Box 86, Middletown, Del.

The address of the inquiry of Emma Blake's in THE BLADE of July 18 should be 116 St. Joe street, Elkhart, Ind., instead of Cincinnati, as in THE BLADE.

The number of orders for cacti that has poured upon me since my little offer appeared in BLADE is occuit proof of THE BLADE'S popularity. Long may it keep bright and cut its way through intemperance, wrong and vice, and also be able to cut some of the Gordian knots that are now defying the wiseacres. Please ask those who have not yet received cacti from me to be patient. I have stripped my best cactus, and have emissaries scouring the hills for more, and I must also import some.—A. E. MCKINNEY.

Maude Dawson, LeRoy, Ill.: At present THE BLADE has no especial badge for its Temperance Legion, but the matter is under consideration.—ED.

MRS. M. B. W., Covelo, Cal.: The editor appreciates your letter received some time ago, and she intended to write a personal letter in return, but has been unable to find time to do so. Please accept most cordial thanks.—ED.

RECIPES.

GINGER SNAPS.—Some time ago I saw a request for a recipe for ginger snaps, such as we buy. I have not seen it answered, so will send one that I got from THE BLADE several years ago, and found it good: One cupful of sugar, 1 cupful of molasses, 1 cupful of butter or meat frying, 1 tablespoonful of ginger, 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little water, and as much flour as can possibly be stirred in. Form in pieces about the size of a large marble, and roll in the hands, leaving a space be ween them in the pan to allow for spreading. Bake in a moderate oven a nice brown, and let stand in the pan until cool. To warm the ingredients will facilitate the stirring. If the dough stands a day it will not hurt.—MRS. M. M. RUMMELL, Dublin, Mo.

The following are excellent deserts for summer:

CURRANT PIE.—One cupful grated cocoanut; 3 tablespoonfuls sugar; 3 eggs, salt and vanilla; 2 cupfuls milk. Bake slowly. All custards should bake slowly.

BAKED CUSTARD.—One and one-half pint milk; 3 well beaten eggs; 3 tablespoonfuls sugar; a little salt and lemon. Bake or steam until firm.

JELLY PUDDING.—One pint milk; 1 pint bread crumbs; yolks of 2 eggs; 3 tablespoonfuls sugar; salt and nutmeg; tablespoonful butter. Bake slowly, and when nearly cold, spread with some jelly or preserves, and above this spread the whites of the two eggs beaten stiff, with a teaspoonful of sugar. Brown slightly. When gelatine is to be used, soak it half an hour in cold water before adding boiling water. Cream, to whip well, must be very cold, and in summer 24 hours old. Some, in whipping cream, skim off the froth as it rises, but if the cream is old enough and thoroughly cold it will beat stiff without skimming any out. In custards I generally use condensed milk, making three pints out of one can. It is so handy in summer and does not sour. Fruit pies are nice and every one knows how to make them. I never yet had a pie run over. I fill my pans full, but not too full, wet the edges of lower crust before putting on top crust, and press the edges down firmly with a fork dipped in flour. Then with a pair of shears I snip seven holes in the crust to give air.

SHORTCAKE CRUST.—1 qt. flour and 2 heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted together twice. Put into this 2 heaping tablespoonfuls lard or butter, and rub in with enough cold water to form all the flour into a soft dough. Flour your moulding board, pour the dough into it and work as little as possible. Divide into 4 parts, roll out to fit a large pie plate, put 2 cakes or layers into each pan and bake quickly. This is much better than to split them, as that is liable to make them heavy.

MONTANA MAY.

Onion salad.—Cut up a dozen young onions, season with salt and pepper. Take a tablespoonful of vinegar and three of salad oil, mix and pour over the onions, then place a layer of hard boiled eggs on the edge of the dish.

Spinach salad—Take two dozen heads of spinach, put on a salad dish, season with salt and pepper. Put on ice. Take the yolks of three hard boiled eggs, mash fine, add mustard, salt, pepper, with a tablespoonful of melted butter, mix them thoroughly, and then with vinegar pour over the spinach. Garnish with hard boiled eggs sliced.

Dandelion cresses, turnip tops and mustard all make excellent salads prepared as lettuce salads.

Two Points of View.

Speaking of ministers' salaries recalls a bon mot of the late Henry Fairbrother. Meeting a minister in Pawtucket with whom he was well acquainted one day, the divine told him he had received a call to another parish and should accept.

"A call?" said Henry.

"Yes, I have been laboring in the vineyard of the Lord here in Pawtucket for a number of years for a salary of $1,000 per annum and have received a very flattering offer to go to Brooklyn with a salary of $3,000."

"And that is what you mean by a call?"

"Yes."

"Well, up at the club we should call that a raise."

—BEECHAM'S PILLS cure bilious and nervous ills.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

GRENOLA, KAS.	SPARTA, ILL.
Nellie Barnard,	R Oliver Finley
Georgie Barnard	Nellie Finley
RICE, KAS.	Gertie Finley
Leonie Lagasse	James Wilson
Charles Lagasse	Frank Huey
Leon Lagasse	Lyman McIntyre
C Lagasse	Annie McIntyre
Antoinette Goblet	May McIntyre
John Dubrel	John McOmachie
WALLSVILLE, PA.	Charlie Pillars
Worth Smith	SPRAGUEVILLE, N. Y.
Herbert Smith	Everett F Gillett

Names this week, 21. Total 27,328.

The above embraces all names received up to August 2.

THE BIRTH OF A LILY.

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

Only a sparkle of sunshine,
A tiny sparkle of dew,
And then the beautiful flower
Gently unfolded to view.

Its snowy leaves slowly opened
With a quiver of delight;
Then turned in sweet and glad surprise
To welcome the morning bright.

Its heart like a golden chalice
Was fragrant with odors rare,
Which rose as incense pure upon
The breath of the waiting air.

And thus with a gleam of sunshine,
And pure as the sparkling dew,
God sends our little child-angels,
Dear-heart to me and to you.

How shall we keep the fair white leaves
Unspotted by stain of sin?
Only by keeping the sweet heart pure
Its golden chalice within.

"BIN."

GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

"BIN" was not his name at all, and that was why he was called so, such being the reason for most nicknames, for if it had been his name there would have been no fun in calling him by it. Like every well-born dog however, he had a real name too of course, which did duty on state occasions when he was formally presented to visitors, or in less auspicious moments, when having sinned in some way against the unwritten yet stern code of dog-morals, he was in disgrace and was called up for a flogging. But "Bin" was his name for rollicking, every-day use, and stood good in his mind for a biscuit, or a bit of cake, or a game to play, or a pat on the head. He liked to be called "Bin" therefore, and whenever he heard the name was certain to wag his tail in the most encouraging manner, while as for his real name, though it had descended to him in a direct line from a most distinguished and spoilt great-grandfather, he evidently esteemed it as little as if it possessed no geneological significance whatever. Indeed he did not care a rap of his tail for the fact that he was a dog with a pedigree, and he held even his nearest and dearest cousin so little reference that he would dispute a dinner with them any day, and as the merest puppy had been known to snatch away a beautiful bone from under his aristocratic mother's long and astonished nose at the very moment that she was laying her dignified paws upon it. To tell the truth, he thought all this fine talk about a bone a bother altogether.

But beauty is a different affair. That, on the face of it, is certainly a personal matter, and "Bin," it must be confessed, plumed himself not a little on his looks, revealing in every movement that as dogs went he considered himself really of a very superior make. To be sure the unlearned observer, coming unexpectedly around a street corner would not be struck almost whimsically by the length of his body, united as it was to such short and crooked legs; but then he was of such a pretty golden-brown color, and his skin so soft and satiny, and his head with its fine nose and long velvet ears and great bright eyes was so really beautiful, that one cheerfully accepted the rest of him for sake of them, and in the end got so fond of him as a whole to come to think his body beautiful too.

But the very best thing about "Bin" was his temper. He was the gentlest and sweetest dog in the world, and though he barked one nearly deaf when he got excited and did not think, yet he would not bite one for worlds—no, not even for a mutton chop with the meat on it. He was so absolutely and utterly a bonbon in him as if he were lined with rubber; and if occasionly he gave way to a temporary fit of sulks, that was only to prove the human side of him, and was positively the worst that could be said of him. All told, he was a dear, affectionate, lovable little fellow, with the prettiest and politest manners, always running to meet a newcomer with a wag of welcome, and assuming even dog-haters by his winning little ways. But he was not in the least a show dog, and possessed no tricks of any kind. Not but what he was bright enough to learn if he choose, but he simply didn't choose. A happy life he led. His bed was the softest of fleecy furs that lulled one to sleep only to tough it, and all his days were Saturdays, so that his waking time was one continuous playtime, broken only by refreshing naps in which he either dreamed of play that was just done, or of the play about to begin.

It does not seem as if there could be very much scope for usefulness or heroism in so thoughtless and merry a little life, yet "Bin" filled an important niche in his world, proving that no one need be enrolled upon the pages of history to be a hero, and some points of his life, and that a life that looks commonplace on the outside may be full of gracious and praiseworthy deeds nevertheless.

Of course to see "Bin," no one would have guessed that he had anything high-minded about him, for in spite of his noble head he had not altogether the look of greatness, being so unmistakedly bow-legged. People are not so ready as they should be perhaps to look for heroes among bow-legs. Who would ever have thought that "Bin" could teach a lesson to any human being?

But he did, and this is how it was.

"Bin" had a small mistress whom he adored, and who loved him very dearly. Her hair was nearly the color of his—brown, with a bright light through it, only hers was much longer, and waved loosely about her pretty face and neck, hanging thickly over her forehead like a silken curtain. Everybody loved Dorothy, if only for that gentle and tender heart of hers that looked out so softly from her sweet eyes. So it was no wonder that "Bin" loved her as he did.

Now this dear little Dorothy had a cousin who was as unlike her as a nettle is unlike a rose, and who lived just across the street, so that the two children were together almost all the time. This other little girl was called Trix, and a naughty, teasing, selfish little thing she was, with a thin dark face and long black hair and eyes that never were still a moment, so that one wondered if she shut them even when she went to sleep—that is if she ever did go to sleep, for she was just the kind of child that one would fancy as never going to bed at all, but as slipping out of the window in the dusk, and dancing and whispering and laughing under her breath out among the shadows and the moonbeams all the night long when everything else was quiet, like the restless, mocking, elusive, aggravating little mortal that she was. She was a malicious little creature too. She was always doing something to annoy anybody if she could, and as nothing annoyed Dorothy more than to see "Bin" teased, Trix was forever inventing some new way to torment him. Indeed Trix was the one sole thorn in "Bin's" blissful life, and the only person whom it taxed his dog-politeness to treat civilly. As a rule, so innately good were his manners, he greeted her courteously whenever he first saw her in the morning, although he made no further pretense of liking her, and after that one dutiful and conscientious little wag of his tail in salutation took no more notice of her than he could possibly help; and sometimes, so far had his dislike of her gone, he even pretended that he did not see her come in, and thought that the noise of the opening door was rats, and made believe in the most barefaced manner that he did not know she was there at all, till Dorothy called him to account for his rudeness.

But how could any well-educated dog like a child who never had a caress or a kind word for him (let alone a morsel of sugar), and who could not see him without immediately inventing some unworthy device wherewith to disturb the serenity of his existence? When she was doing nothing worse, she was sticking sharp-pointed twigs or straws down his ears beyond any allowable point, or presenting an atrocious and preternaturally strong vinaigrette to his unsuspecting nose, or offering him what bore all outward signs of a good and lawful cream-puff, but whose inward composition, only discoverable when too late, proved to be an unholy mixture of mustard and cayenne pepper, or the very hotest and most biting kind of horse-radish. Or she would stand before him with a genuine and honest cake in her stingy little hand—the very kind of sweet-cake most to his taste—making believe to offer him every mouthful as she broke it off, yet always ending by eating it herself and never giving him so much as a crumb. "Bin" could not stand that. It lowered her inestimably in his eyes. For all his faults, an ong which there was perhaps just a suspicion of greed, he felt in his inmost soul that dog as he was he would not have been so greedy as Trix, and that had he all the bones he wanted and to spare, as Trix certainly had, he would surely have behaved more becomingly in the matter of sharing his superfluities. And Trix would pinch him on the sly, or haul him toward her by the tail (which he felt to be the most degrading manner of locomotion possible), or dig her sharp little shoe into him suddenly, when she had just put him off his guard by mentioning that there were biscuits under a newspaper near by on the floor (where, by the way, there never were any), seeming to know by instinct the points where the toe or the heel would hurt most, and then she would laugh at him and call him "Baby" and other humiliating names when he shrank away. Altogether she was a most unreliable and unpleasant accession to the play-ground, and he did heartily wish she would go away and leave Dorothy and him alone.

Dorothy used almost to wish so too, for Trix tried her patience to the very utmost. And there came a day when at last she could positively bear no more. Trix had been teasing poor "Bin" the entire afternoon through without a moment's cessation, finding every instant something worse and more irritating and more unbearable yet to do to him, until all of a sudden Dorothy's temper gave way completely, and to Trix's unbounded amazement the little girl turned round upon her in a perfect storm of passion. Trix was dreadfully taken aback. It was as if a flower in one's hand had suddenly blazed forth lightnings.

"You wicked, wicked Trix!" Dorothy cried, panting with anger and excitement, her eyes flashing with indignant light and her soft cheeks burning as she caught "Bin" up in her arms and held him close for protection. "Leave my 'Bin' alone. You shall not touch him again."

Trix only gave a mocking little laugh, and danced about poor angry little Dorothy, making snatches at "Bin" with tiny harmful fingers.

"Go away! Go away!" cried Dorothy, hugging her pet closely and twisting herself aside from the provoking Trix. "You shall never, never play with him again!"

"I don't want to play with him," Trix retorted, snapping her fingers at him and hitting him every time just on the point of his nose, no matter what way he turned his head. "I don't want to play with such an ugly old Crooked Legs. You may keep him all to yourself and welcome! Crooked Legs! Crooked Legs! Ugly old Crooked Legs! He's a horrid, hideous, ugly little Crooked Legs! That's just what he is. So there!"

Little Dorothy grew white about the lips.

"You may call my beautiful 'Bin' what names you like, Trix," she said, trembling all over like a lily in a gust of wind, "He doesn't care what you call him. He hates you and I hate you too. I wish you would go away forever and never, never come near either of us again!"

"I am going away," laughed Trix. "I am going away with mamma in the train this very night. I am going ever so far away, and if you aren't nice to me now maybe I'll never come back again."

"I just wish you wouldn't!" Dorothy exclaimed fervently. "I don't want ever to see you any more as long as I live."

"Well, then, say good-by forever," said Trix, half laughing, half in earnest, coming nearer and pouting out her provoking red lips for a kiss.

But Dorothy shook her head.

"No, I'll not kiss you, Trix," she said, firmly bent to keep back the tears that were brimming over in her pretty eyes. "I can't kiss anybody that I don't love, and I don't love you any more. I never will love you again."

Trix grew more and more serious. She had not meant to push the quarrel to such a tremendous point as this.

"But you will love me just a little now that I am going away, won't you?" she asked coaxingly, looking hard at Dorothy, and coming nearer and nearer with a series of small jumps. "You can't let me go away without even a good-by kiss, you know, Dorothy. People can't say good by —it isn't any good-by at all without a kiss."

"Then it has just got to be this time," Dorothy replied stubbornly, "for I shall not kiss you, and 'Bin' won't kiss you either. His feelings are very much hurt, and you don't deserve to be kissed ever again."

"O, Dorothy, please, dear Dorothy!" Trix said p

Talmage's Sermon.

"OUTWITTED BY THE WORLD."

"The Children of This World Are in Their Generation Wiser Than the Children of Light" His Text.

LIVINGSTON, Mont., Aug. 4.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., preached here to-day, taking for his subject: "Outwitted by the World." He took for his text St. Luke xvi, 8: "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light," and delivered the following discourse:

That is another way of saying that Christians are not so skilful in the manipulation of spiritual affairs as worldlings are skilful in the management of temporalities. I see all around me people who are alert, earnest, concentrated and skilful in monetary matters, who, in the affairs of the soul, are laggards, inane, inert.

Common Sense in Religion Wanted.

The great want of this world is more common sense in matters of religion. If one-half of the skill and forcefulness employed in financial affairs were employed in disseminating the truths of Christ, and trying to make the world better, within ten years the last juggernaut would fall, the last throne of oppression upset, the last iniquity tumble, and the anthem that was chanted over Bethlehem on Christmas night would be echoed and re-echoed from all nations and kindred and people: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Some years ago, on a train going toward the southwest, as the porter of the sleeping car was making up the berths at the evening tide, I saw a man kneel down to pray. Worldly people in the car looked on, as much as to say, "What does this mean?" I suppose the most of the people in the car thought that man was either insane or that he was fanatic; but he disturbed no one when he arose. In after conversation with him I found out that he was a member of a church in my own city, that he was a seafaring man, and that he was on his way to New Orleans to take command of a vessel. I thought then, as I think now, that ten such men—men with such courage for God as that man had—would bring the whole city to Christ; a thousand such men would bring this whole land to God; ten thousand such men, in a short time, would bring the whole earth into the kingdom of Jesus. That he was successful in worldly affairs, I found out. That he was skilful in spiritual affairs, you are well persuaded. If men had the courage, the pluck, the alertness, the acumen, the industry, the common sense in matters of the soul, that they have in earthly matters, this would be a very different kind of world to live in.

The Building and Conduct of Churches.

In the first place, we want more common sense in the building and conduct of churches. The idea of adaptiveness is always paramount in any other kind of structure. It makes those meet together and they resolve upon putting up a bank, the bank is especially adapted to banking purposes; if a manufacturing company put up a building, it is to be adapted to manufacturing purposes; but adaptiveness is not always the question in the rearing of churches. In many of our churches we want more light, more room, more ventilation, more comfort. Many of the conveniences expended on ecclesiastical structures, and men sit down in them, and you ask a man how he likes the church. He says: "I like it very well, but I can't hear." As though a shawl factory were good for everything but making shawls. The voice of the preacher dashes against the pillars. Men sit down under the shadows of the Gothic arches and shiver and feel they must be getting religion or something else, they feel so uncomfortable.

O may friends, we want more common sense in the rearing of churches. There is no excuse for lack of light when the heavens are full of it; no excuse for lack of fresh air when the world swims in it. It ought to be an expression, not only of our spiritual happiness, but of our physical comfort, when we say: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts. A day in thy courts is better than a thousand."

We Must Concentrate.

Again I remark: We want more common sense in the obtaining of religious hope. All men understand that in order to succeed in worldly directions they must concentrate. They think on that one subject until their mind takes fire with the velocity of their own thoughts. All their acumen, all their strategy, all their wisdom, all their common sense, they put in that one direction, and they succeed. But how seldom it is true in the matter of seeking after God. While no man expects to accomplish anything for this world without concentration and enthusiasm, how many there are expecting after awhile to get into the kingdom of God without the use of any such means. A miller in California, many years ago, held up a sparkle of gold until it betwitched nations. Tens of thousands of people left their homes. They took their blankets and their pickaxes and their pistols and went to the wilds of California. Cities sprang up suddenly on the Pacific coast. Merchants put aside their elegant apparel and put on the miner's garb. All the land was full of the talk about gold. Gold in the eyes, gold in the dark, gold in the wake of ships, gold in the streets—gold, gold, gold. Word comes to us that the mountain of God's love is full of bright treasure, that men have been digging there, and have brought up gold, and amethyst, and carbuncle, and jasper, and sardonyx, and chrysoprasus, and all the precious stones out of which the walls of heaven were builded. Word comes of a man who, digging in that mine for one hour, has brought up treasures worth more than all the stars that keep virgil over this sleeping world. Is this a mining company that is formed? Is it undeveloped territory? Oh, no; the story is true. There are thousands of people in this audience who would be willing to rise and testify that they have discovered that gold, and have it in their possession. Notwithstanding all this, what is the circumstance? You would suppose that the announcement would send people in great excitement up and down our streets, that at midnight men would knock at your door, asking how they may get those treasurers. Instead of that, many of us put our hands behind our back, and walk up and down in front of the mine of eternal riches, and say: "Well, if I am to be saved, I will be saved; and if I am to be damned, I will be damned, and there is nothing to do about it." Why, my brother, do you not do that way in business matters? Why do you not to-morrow go to your store and sit down and fold your arms and say: "If these goods are to be sold, they will be sold; and if they are not to be sold, they will not be sold; there is nothing for me to do about it." No, you dispatch your agents, you print your advertisements, you adorn your show windows, you push those goods, you use the instrumentality. Oh that men were as wise in the matter of the soul as they are wise in the matter of dollars and cents! This doctrine of God's sovereignty, how it is misquoted and spoken of as though it were an iron chain which bound us hand and foot for time and for eternity, when, so far from that, in every fiber of your body, in every faculty of your mind, in every passion of your soul, you are a free man, and it is no more a matter of free choice whether you will to-morrow go abroad or stay at home, than it is this moment a matter of free choice whether you will accept Christ or reject him. Now, in all the army of banners there is not one conscript. Men are not to be dragooned into heaven. Among all the tens of thousands of the Lord's soldiery, there is not one man but will tell you: "I chose Christ; I wanted him; I desired to be in his service; I am not a conscript—I am a volunteer." Oh that men had the same common sense in the matters of religion that they have in the matters of the world—the same concentration, the same push, the same enthusiasm! In the one case, a secular enthusiasm; in the other, a consecrated enthusiasm.

They Make Haste Slowly.

Again I remark: We want more common sense in the building up and enlarging of our Christian character. There are men here who have for forty years been running the Christian race, and they have not run a quarter of a mile!

No business man would be willing to have his investments unaccumulative. If you invest a dollar you expect that dollar to come home bringing another dollar on its back. What would you think of a man who should invest ten thousand dollars in a monetary institution, then go out for five years, make no inquiry in regard to the investment, then come back, step up to the cashier of the institution and say: "Have you kept those ten thousand dollars safely that I lodged with you?" but asking no question about interest or about dividend. Why, you say, "That is not common sense." Neither is it, but that is the way we act in matters of the soul. We make a far more important investment than ten thousand dollars. We invest our soul. Is it accumulative? Are we growing in grace? Are we getting better? Are we getting worse? God declares many dividends, but we do not collect them, we do not ask about them, we do not want them. Oh that in this matter of accumulation we were as wise in the matters of the soul as we are in the matters of the world!

Common Sense in Scripture Reading.

How little common sense in the reading of the Scriptures! We get any other book and we open it, and we say: "Now, what does this book mean to teach me? It is a book on astronomy; it will teach me astronomy. It is a book on political economy; it will teach me political economy." Taking up the Bible, do we ask ourselves what it means to teach? It means to do just one thing: get the world converted and get us all to heaven. That is what it proposes to do. But instead of that, we go into the Bible as botanists to pick flowers, or we go as pugilists to get something to fight other Christians with, or we go as logicians trying to sharpen our mental faculties for a better argument, and we do not like this about the Bible, and we do not like that, and we do not like the other thing. What would you think of a man lost on the mountains? Night has come down; he cannot find his way home, and he sees a light in a mountain cabin; he goes to it, he knocks at the door; the mountaineer comes out and finds the traveler and says: "Well, here I have a lantern; you can take it and it will guide you on the way home;" and suppose that man should say: "I don't like that lantern; I don't like the handle of it; there are ten or fifteen things about it I don't like; if you can't give me a better lantern than that I won't have any."

Now, God says this Bible is to be a lamp to our feet and a lantern to our path, to guide us through the midnight of this world to the gates of the celestial city. We take hold of it in sharp criticism, and depreciate this and depreciate that. Oh, how much wiser we would be if, by its holy light, we found our way to our everlasting home!

Then we do not read the Bible as we read other books. We read it perhaps four or five minutes just before we retire at night. We are weary and sleepy, so somnolent we hardly know which end of the book is up. We drop our eye perhaps on the story of Samson and the foxes, or upon some genealogical table, important in its place, but stirring no more religious emotion than the announcement that somebody begat somebody else and he begat somebody else, instead of opening the book and saying: "Now I must read for my immortal life. My eternal destiny is involved in this Book."

We Should Pray Sensibly.

How little we use common sense in prayer! We say: "Oh, Lord, give me this," and "Oh, Lord, give me that," and "Oh, Lord, give me something else," and we do not expect to get it, or, getting it, we do not know we have it. We have no anxiety about it. We do not watch and wait for its coming.

As a merchant you telegraph or you write to some other city for a bill of goods. You say: "Send me by such express or by such a steamer or by such a rail train." The day arrives. You send your wagon to the depot or to the wharf. The goods do not come. You immediately telegraph: "What is the matter with those goods? We haven't received them. Send them right away. We want them now, or we don't want them at all." And you keep writing, and you keep telegraphing, and keep sending your wagon to the depot, or to the express office, or to the wharf until you get the goods.

In matters of religion we are not so wise as that. We ask certain things to be sent from heaven. We do not know whether they come or not. We have not any special anxiety as to whether they come or not. We may get them and may not get them. Instead of at 7 o'clock in the morning saying: "Have I got that blessing?" at 12 o'clock, noonday, asking: "Have I got that blessing?" at 7 o'clock in the evening saying: "Have I received that blessing?" and not getting it, pleading, pleading—begging, begging—asking, asking until you get it. Now, my brethren, is not that common sense? If we ask a thing from God, who has sworn by his eternal throne that he will do that which we ask, is it not common sense that we should watch and wait until we get it?

Common Sense in Doing Good.

But I remark again: We want more common sense in doing good. How many people there are who want to do good, and yet are dead failures! Why is it? They do not exercise the same tact, the same ingenuity, the same stratagem, the same common sense in the work of Christ that they do in worldly things. Otherwise they would succeed in this direction as well as they succeed in the other. There are many men who have an arrogant way with them, although they do not feel arrogant. Or they have a patronizing way. They talk to a man of the world in a manner which seems to say, "Don't you wish you were as good as I am? Why, I have to look clear down before I can see you, you are so far beneath me." That manner always disgusts also and drives men away from the kingdom of Jesus Christ instead of bringing them in. When I was a lad, I was one day in a village store, and there was a large group of young men there, full of rollicking and fun, and a Christian man came in, and without any introduction of the subject, and while they were in great hilarity, said to one of them: "George, what is the first step of wisdom?" George looked up, and said: "Every man to mind his own business!" Well, it was a very rough answer, but it was provoked. Religion had been hurled in there, as though it were a bombshell. We must be adroit in the presentation of religion to the world.

Be Natural.

Do you suppose that Mary in her conversation with Christ lost her simplicity? or that Paul thundering from Mars Hill took the pulpit tone? Why is it people cannot talk as naturally in prayer meeting and on religious subjects as they do in worldly circles? For no one ever succeeds in any kind of Christian work, unless he works naturally. We want to imitate the Lord Jesus Christ, who plucked a poem from the grass of this field. We all want to imitate him who talked with farmers about the man who went forth to sow, and talked with the fishermen about the drawn net that brought in fish of all sorts, and talked with the vine dresser about the idler in the vineyard, and talked with those newly affianced about the marriage supper, and talked with the man cramped in money matters about the two debtors, and talked with the woman about the yeast that leavened the whole lump, and talked with the shepherd about the lost sheep. Oh, we might gather even the stars of the sky, and twist them like forget-me-nots in the garland of Jesus. We must bring everything to him—the wealth of language, the tenderness of sentiment, the delicacy of morning dew, the saffron of floating cloud, the tangled surf of the tossing sea, the bursting thunder guns of the storm's bombardment. Yes, every star must point down to him, every heliotrope must breathe his praise, every drop in the summer shower must flash his glory, all the tree branches of the forest must thrum their music in the grand march which shall celebrate a world redeemed.

Now, all this being so, what is the common sense thing for you and for me to do? What we do I think will depend upon three great facts. The first fact that sin has ruined us. It has blasted body, mind and soul. We want no Bible to prove that we are sinners. Any man who is not willing to acknowledge himself an imperfect and a sinful being is simply a fool and not to be argued with. We all feel that sin has disorganized our entire nature. That is one fact. Another fact is that Christ came to reconstruct, to restore, to revise, to correct, to redeem. That is a second fact. The third fact is that the only time we are sure Christ will pardon us is the present. Now, what is the common sense thing for us to do in view of those three facts? You will all agree with me to quit sin, take Christ, and take Him now. Suppose some business man in whose skill you had perfect confidence should tell you that to-morrow (Monday) morning, between 11 and 12 o'clock, you could, by a certain financial transaction, make $5,000, but that on Tuesday, perhaps, you might make it, but there would not be any positiveness about it, and on Wednesday there would not be so much, and Thursday less, and Friday less, and so on less and less—when would you attend to the matter? Why, your common sense would dictate: "Immediately I will attend to that matter, between 11 and 12 o'clock to-morrow (Monday) morning, for then I can surely accomplish it, but on Tuesday I may not, and on Wednesday there is less prospect, I will attend to it to-morrow." Now, let us bring our common sense in this matter of religion. Here are the hopes of the gospel. We may get them now. To-morrow we may get them and we may not. The prospect less and less and less and less.

Now is the Accepted Time.

The only sure time now. Now I would not talk to you in this way if I did not know that Christ was able to save all the people, and save thousands as easily as save one. I would not go into a hospital and toss off the bandages from the wounds if I had no balm to apply. I would not have the face to tell a man he is a sinner unless I had at the same time the authority of saying he may be saved. Suppose in Venice there is a Raphael, a faded picture, great in its time, bearing some marks of its greatness. History describes that picture. It is nearly faded away. You say, "Oh, what a pity that so wonderful a picture by Raphael should be nearly defaced." After a while a man comes up, very unskillful in art, and he proposes to retouch it. You say: "Stand off! I would rather have it just as it is; you will make it worse." After a while there comes an artist who was the equal of Raphael. He says: "I will retouch that picture and bring out all its original power." You have full confidence in his ability. He touches it here and there. Feature after feature comes forth, and when he is done with the picture it is complete in all its original power. Now God impressed his image on our race, but that image has been defaced for hundreds and for thousands of years, getting fainter and fainter. Here comes up a divine Raphael. He says: "I can restore that picture." He has all power in heaven and on earth. He is the equal of the One who made the picture, the equal of the One who drew the image of God in our soul. He touches this sin and it is gone, that transgression and it disappears, and all the defacement vanishes, and "where sin abounded grace doth much more abound." Will you have the defacement or will you have the restoration? I am well persuaded that if I could by a touch of heavenly pathos in two minutes put before you what has been done to save your soul, there would be an emotional tide overwhelming. "Mamma," said a little child to her mother when she was being put to bed at night, "mamma, what makes your hand so scarred and twisted and unlike other people's hands?" "Well," said the mother, "my child, when you were younger than you are now, years ago, one night after I had put you to bed I heard a cry, a shriek upstairs. I came up and found the bed was on fire and you were on fire, and I took hold of you and I tore off the burning garments, and while I was tearing them off and trying to get you away I burned my hand, and it has been scarred and twisted ever since, and hardly looks any more like a hand; but I got that, my child, in trying to save you." O mamma! O woman! I wish to-day I could show you the burned hand of Christ—burned in plucking you out of the fire, burned in snatching you away from the flame. Aye, also the burned foot, and the burned brow, and the burned heart—burned for you. By his stripes ye are healed.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Hydropericardium.

H. N. W., Countryville, New York: The kind of dropsy with which your young cow was affected and which resulted in her death, was incurable, as it indicated a scrofulous condition of the system. In cases where a cow has had insufficient food, or when the food is poor, dropsy at times results. Cattle feeding in swampy pasture are at times affected with dropsy. As your cow was a valuable one, and had good food, we think the trouble was incurable, on account of scrofulous system. A diuretic given of sweet spirits of nitre, 1 oz; oil of turpentine, ½ oz., twice a day for three days, omitting for three days, and repeating, will sometimes bring a poorly-fed animal around. The dose should be given as a drench in a pint and a half of decoction of broomcorn tops.

Scouring Rot in Cow.

U. G. Y., Peach Tree, North Carolina: As you are not near a druggist to get medicine for your cow, take of flour one pint, stir it in a pan over a fire until it becomes a dark brown, but do not burn it. Take it from the pan and stir in it ½ oz. turpentine and ½ lb. of mutton tallow. Then make a decoction of white oak bark, boiling bark in a gallon of water until the water is reduced to three quarts. Put the above ingredients in three pints of the oak-bark decoction, and after heating the whole until it is a little warm, give it to the cow. Repeat for two or three days. On each day if necessary. Take the cow from grass and feed her only dry feed. The scouring may be stopped without the mutton tallow, but it is best to have it, as it heals and soothes the bowels.

Developing Into a Crib-Biter.

A subscriber, Adams county, Illinois: Your mare that takes hold of the manger with her teeth and rakes up and down is likely developing into a crib-biter. The habit, when once confirmed, is incurable. The best way to break her doing it is to compress the throat with a strap, to be had of most saddlers, or a "bar muzzle" will answer, as it allows the animal to eat but not to seize the manger with her teeth. When a horse begins to show this disposition, it indicates disarrangement of the digestive organs. It may, if the case has not run too long, be overcome by regulatory measures, namely: Give 2½ dr s. aloes and ½ oz. of ginger in 1 pt. of warm water. After this give bicarbonate of soda, ½ oz.; powdered gentian, ½ oz.; powdered nux vomica 15 grs. Give this for one dose daily for five days. The food you give is good and has nothing to do with the habit. The fact that the animal had lampas, indicates that when the grass was green she fed a little short for relief and the habit sticks to her. Give her bran mashes about twice a week for three or four weeks, and some green food. If she becomes laxative, give dry food and stop the mashes.

Did Not Sign His Name.

J. D. W., Toledo, Ohio: As you did not sign your name to the letter, the question about your colt cannot be answered without breaking an iron-clad oath of THE BLADE.

Wind Puff on Horse's Leg.

C. H., Torch, Ohio: The question you ask regarding wind-puffs has been answered twice recently in this department. See back numbers.

Horse That Had Scratches Getting Sore Again.

C. S. M., Franklin, Tennessee: Give your horse the following: Powdered barbadoes aloes, 2 drachms; resin, 3 drachms; nitre, 3 drachms; ginger, 2 drachms; castile soap, 2 drachms. This much for one bolus every fourth day, until three boluses are taken. Do not wet the parts affected. Rub dry with a soft rag or brush with soft brush. If there is much itching, take of hydrocyanate of potash 1 oz., Scheele's prussic acid, 2 drachms; water 19 oz. Make a small mop and wash the parts affected with this. If there is a marked breaking out, wash with solution of subacetate of lead, 1 oz; glycerine, 8 ozs. The lead and prussic acid should be labeled "poison." It is an excellent thing to allay itching.

Milk Foaming on Top, Water at the Bottom.

M. F. B., Essex, Iowa: Give your cow a dose of ¾ lb. of salts, stirred in warm water with a cupful of molasses and ½ oz. of gentian. After this give: Bisulphite of soda, 2 drs.; sulphur, 2 drs. Give in meal or mixed with meal, once a day for a week. It would be well for you to boil all water given to the cow for at least a week, as there may be a low form of vegetable matter in that which she now drinks. See that the water is cool, but put no ice in it. With pure water and a change in her food, she will very likely be all right in her milk.

CORRESPONDENCE.

More About the Alliance.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—As many readers of your paper know nothing of the Farmers' alliance except what they read through the columns of the paper, I would ask to make a few remarks in reply to Mr. J. W. Sweeney's letter, of Clifton Hill, Mo.

I do not wish the people misled by some one who will not tell both sides of the question, and more especially by one who appears to know very little of the real objects of the Alliance, and less about human nature. The gentleman referred to seems to think an organization of farmers ought to be perfect, which you will find in no human organization. Also, before we condemn the Alliance, we ought to look farther from home than our own county. Mistakes may be made in some localities, and in some instances men may lose a little money, and according to Mr. Sweeney's motto, we ought only to make one attempt to release ourselves from any oppression; or, if at first you don't succeed, then give up.

I would like to ask the gentleman to read the constitution and declaration of purposes of the Alliance and find out something about why and what for this organization exists. We ought not to be so narrow-minded as to confine ourselves and our interests to one locality. Let us consider what the Alliance is doing all over the country. Just why we are trying to do something is because we have not the money, as he has confessed. We would like to know why the farmer has not the money to pay his bills. It cannot be that he does not work enough, for the farmer does as much work as any class of men. It is because he has failed to realize what he should have for his labor. Other classes have become rich from the labor of the farm.

There are occasionally men in the country who do all they can against anything that is for the interests of the people. We know of some of those, and they are usually men who are grieved because they cannot get in themselves. Men whom their neighbors do not consider worthy, and when they are rejected they oppose it. Others will kick and growl at the Alliance, and pick out all the failures and flaws there may appear to be, as though millions of people could be in one organization and all think exactly alike. When the farmers begin to see something through the Alliance, then such men will want to come in and reap the benefits. They are not willing to put a dollar in it, and thereby help move it along. If they get justice they would not get in at all. But they will be like the "Prodigal Son." After they come in you will hear no more of them, for they are not usually very brainy, and it will generally depend on those who are willing to spend time and money, looking forward to the time when not only individual but collective benefit may be derived. In regard to the Alliance being a "free trade" party, we think that persons who belong know as much about it as others, and there are plenty of men in our ranks who are not in favor of free trade and they know nothing of it. The Alliance does not try to put down labor. It is labor we are trying to protect. We are opposed to paying twice what the cost of anything ought to be, considering what laborers get for their labor, and for selling for about one-third of what the laboring men have to pay for our produce. I expect the gentleman has had some friend that is a politician, whose interests were not with the farmers, and when a good Alliance man was nominated by some of the parties, the Alliance people had brains enough to vote for him, thereby defeating some politician. The space in your paper is too valuable for us to answer everything. We believe the Alliance to be a good thing for us, and that we can establish a system of business that will be more economical, and that we will educate ourselves. Its laws are reason and equity; its cardinal doctrines inspire purity of thought and life; its intention is, "Peace on earth and good will toward men."—L. L. S., Stafford, Kas.

Millet.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—For the information of the readers of THE BLADE will those having experience with millet or sweet clover please give that experience for the benefit of the farming community? Some pronounce it a pest equal to ragweed; others claim it to be a great honey producer and of no special injury. One farmer says if he knew of one bunch of it on his place he would get up at night to destroy it. It is just getting introduced in this locality, and if found to be a pest could yet be easily exterminated.

Let us hear from those having experience with it, as it may become a very important question to us farmers in the near future, if a pest, and permitted to thoroughly establish itself in the soil.—JOHN COULTER, Sr., Oxford, Ohio.

The Farmers' Alliance Again.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—By your permission I will say a few words in reply to Mr. F. W. Carlin, Nebraska, in BLADE of July 25. I think he misquotes what I said, somewhat, in regard to the Alliance party. According to the *Southern Mercury*, the leading Alliance paper, the party started in Texas. I know there are a great many Republicans who belong to the order, but the party certainly is a democratic and anti-Democrats, and as Texas is largely Democratic, and the largest state in the Union, the party certainly is largely Democratic. There are three Democrats here who belong to the party, and one Republican. But to the issue: At their meetings in Texas, just before the Presidential election, they pledged themselves to vote for no man who was in favor of a protective tariff. That looks as if the party intends to carry it into politics and free trade. They also declare that they will break down all the merchants unless they sell them goods at their own figures. I had one say to me the other day: "You merchants have swindled us as long as we are going to stand it. We will buy nothing more of you unless you sell goods to us at St. Louis prices." If they will buy anything to sell they want St. Louis prices, and do not want the merchants to make anything. A few of them will club together here and send for eight or ten dollars worth to St. Louis, and by the time it gets here it costs them as much or more than the merchants would charge them. I know whereof I speak, though it may not be that way every where, and to bring down the prices of goods they have brought down the price of what the farmer has to sell, and it has run many things in the way of groceries, etc., into the hands of these trust companies; and how are the people bettered by it? All the leading business men of our county are going to combine their strength to buy up many of the leading articles, and then make the grocery men and merchants pay their price. It is already the case in sugar and coffee and will soon be so with other goods of merchandise. I think that before two years more roll around the Farmers Alliance and Agricultural wheel will find they have cut off their noses to spite their faces.—C. L. G., Rock Spring, Missouri.

The Red Raspberry—Strawberry Bed.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I am a reader of the Weekly BLADE. Have received much helpful advice from its columns, and now come with a request that some of its wise ones will be kind enough to write a paper on the culture of the red raspberry. I particularly want to know if plants one year old will do to set, and if any other than spring time will do, and how many canes to the hill and what varieties for a farmer's garden that shall be vigorous and hardy? I am a novice in the business, and very much want information. Also, I have a strawberry bed that did not bear this year because of late frost (set out last year). Will it pay to let it stand another year? It is quite weedy, and is in matted rows. Plants are thrifty. Had thought of mowing off the foliage in accordance with the advice of some writers. Please give me some light on these subjects and greatly oblige a subscriber.—GEORGE W. HESS, Springville, N. Y.

Statistics of Profits.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have recently noticed a little controversy in the FARM between the farmers and millers, but gave it little or no attention until some figures in the sixth bi-ennial report of the Kansas state board of Agriculture set me to thinking.

I notice that Wilson county reports two flouring mills, with a total amount of $27,000 capital invested, while the wages paid for the year 1888 aggregated $2,800, the raw material costing $48,300, making a total of $69,000 for the cost of the mill, and running expense for one year of $78,-000, while the value of the product for that year was $85,000, leaving a balance of $6,900 over entire cost of mill and a year's expense, or $3,450 to each mill.

That looks like a pretty liberal profit, but I think that Norton county, with four mills, shows up a profit of $16,810, a profit for each mill of $4,202, figuring same as for Wilson; but better still is Woodson county, with two mills, and a profit of $10,100, or $5,050 for each mill. Then comes Doniphan county, with seven mills, and a profit of $65,073, a profit of $9,296 as the average per mill. But Wabaunsee county takes the belt, with two mills, and a profit of $30,584, or a nice little profit of $15,292 for each mill over and above the cost of mill and expense of material and hired help for the year, while the figures show that they paid $69.00 per month wages, on an average.

Now figures won't lie—even if millers make the frequent mistake of giving the toll and keeping the grist—and it is supposable that the honest millers give the figures to the honest assessors, who, in turn, hand them over to the honest county clerk, (county clerks are all honest in Kansas) and the county clerk passes them along to the State Board for publication.

Now the above—taken at large—shows a liberal balance for the millers, and it is not a matter of surprise that they have "fat hogs." But in looking further in the same report it will be found that milling is not the only employment by which they "raise the dust" out here in Kansas.

A cigar factory in Harper county, with $1,000 invested and a yearly outlay for wages and material of $2,000, reports the value of the year's product at $3,600, a profit of $600 over all; while Sedgwick county's novelty works, costing $500 and an outlay of $1,200, shows a profit over all of $1,000.

The trunk factory in Shawnee county reports a clean profit of $1,800. The two cigar factories in Marshal show a clean profit each of $11,847, and the salt works of Saline realize, on an investment and outlay of $73,500, a snug profit of $51,-000—over 69 per cent—which would indicate that the mines were pretty well salted.

The highest per cent, however, that I noticed was the Labette bottling works. On an outlay and expense of $3,700 they gain in a year $3,500, almost double, while they let their employes down easy on a little less than $14 per month on an average. The Wyandotte clothing manufactory shows a neat fitting profit of $15,000, while their hay-stacker and hay-rake works report an outlay for labor and material just equal to the value of their product, paying their employes $55 per month on an average. The above is but a sample of the lot, but it is suggestive, and if the general public would notice the figures in official reports a little closer they would find where the money goes.—R. S., Neola, Kan.

Wire Grass.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some reader of THE BLADE tell us through THE BLADE FARM the best way of getting clear of wire grass?—J. P. WEAVER, Winton, North Carolina.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

FISH COMMISSION.

What Has Been Done During the Year Just Passed.

The United States fish commission distributed in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Kentucky, Missouri and Nebraska, during the past fiscal year 100,000 yearling fish of the indigenous species of the Mississippi Valley, consisting of catfish, buffalo, crappit, white and black bass, sunfish, pickerel, white perch, walleye pike, and native carp.

Of brook trout eggs there were 207,000 sent to the different state fish commissions, and a deposit of 21,000 was made in the public waters of Pennsylvania, Maryland and West Virginia. A plant of 12,000 one-year-old brook trout was made in the waters of Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio and Michigan, the bulk of them being put in waters of the two states last named.

During the season 58,000 rainbow trout eggs were shipped from the Northville, Mich., station of the commission, and 110,-000 from the Wytheville, Va., station to the various state commissions for planting in suitable waters.

One-year-old fish to the number of 90,000 were distributed as follows: To Indiana, 9,000; Iowa, 15,000; Michigan, 11,200; Nebraska, 5,400; Ohio, 2,000; Kentucky, 4,000; Tennessee, 500; Georgia, 1,500; North Carolina, 3,200; Virginia, 23,000; West Virginia, 1,200; Maryland, 2,000; Pennsylvania, 1,200. Lake trout to the number of 3,000,000 were distributed during the season, 2,000,000 going to state commissions, and 1,000,000 fry to Lake Superior, near Duluth. Of the yearlings of this species, 14,000 were deposited in the waters of Indiana, and 10,000 in Michigan.

The distribution of Loch Leven trout eggs was as follows: Nebraska, 30,000; Wisconsin, 30,000; Pennsylvania, 50,000; New Hampshire, 50,000.

Of the California salmon fry 5,000,000 were deposited in the Clackamas river and its tributaries, 4,000,000 in the Little Sacramento and its tributaries, and 1,500,-000 in the McCloud river.

In the disposition of Atlantic salmon New York got 750,000. Land locked salmon eggs numbering 600,000 were distributed to the several state commissions.

Of the German carp 136,000 were supplied for private pond culture to 3,000 applicants, representing 38 states and 10 territories. The usual number of carp furnished to individual applicants varies from twelve to twenty.

There was also deposited in the public waters of the country about 35,000 of this species, as follows: Dakota, 3,000; Kansas, 1,000; Ohio, 12,000; Tennessee, 5,000; Florida, 1,000; Georgia, 2,500; North Carolina, 5,500; Virginia, 1,000; Maryland, 4,000.

During the year there were distributed 10,000 gold fish to 1,500 applicants in the several states and territories. Red eye perch to the number of 5,000 were distributed during the year to applicants in Massachusetts, New York, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia.

Off the coast of Massachusetts 20,000,000 cod fish and 8,000,000 pollock were deposited during the year. The Sandusky, O., station of the commission collected during the year 150,000,000 white fish eggs, and the Alpena, Mich., station 45,000,000. Of these 80,000,000 were distributed to the Northwestern states bordering on the lakes. The distribution of the fry produced at the Sandusky, Alpena and Duluth stations was as follows: Lake Superior, 10,000,000; Lake Erie, 40,000,000; Lake Huron, 35,-000,000; and 5,000,000 were deposited in the public waters of Idaho, Washington territory and Oregon. Wall eye pike to the number of 50,000,000 were deposited wholesapily in the waters of Minnesota, Illinois, Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania.

During the season 101,768,000 shad fry were deposited as follows: Tributaries of Narragansett Bay, 4,265,000; tributaries of North Atlantic coast, 1,803,000; Hudson river and tributaries, 6,500,000; Delaware Bay and tributaries, 26,000,000; Chesapeake Bay and tributaries, 54,000,-000; tributaries of South Atlantic coast, 4,000,000; tributaries of Gulf of Mexico, 8,500,000.

PATENT LEATHER.

A Corner Run by an English Syndicate.

The latest development in trusts is the English syndicate that is trying to corner the enameled and patent leather trade of all America. It would, perhaps, be better to say syndicates, for there are at least three aggregations of English capital trying to capture this lucrative industry.

Thus far none of them has succeeded to any notable extent, but the schemes have been in progress only a short time. They are going on well enough to, and the only look ahead is the price at which the firms and corporations owning factories and tanneries are willing to sell out. The details of the transactions have been kept secret with religious care, but the New York *World* succeeded on July 31 in finding out the full extent of the movement up to date.

For the past three years there has been a ruinous competition in the patent leather business, and profits have been small. Before that time the makers had a cast-iron combination and kept up prices, and all who manufactured and handled the article grew rich. The Englishmen who are trying to buy out the factories and their good will regard not so much their cost and actual present worth as the profits of the past three years.

If this difference is once adjusted, and it probably will soon be, the patent and enameled leather trade of America will presently be owned and managed by Englishmen.

There are in the United States twenty factories that put enameled and patent leather on the market. Twenty-three of there are in Newark, and their output is 95 per cent of the total production. Their total capital is about $5,000,000. They employ about 4,000 men.

HIRED TO MURDER.

A Confession in Kentucky Throws Powell County into Great Excitement.

A report has reached Lexington, Ky., that Harry Farrell and two other men, whose names are unknown, who were arrested charged with the murder of John A. Rose, the leader of the Rose faction in the Powell county race war, have made a full confession of the crime. The information is very meager, but the reports say that there is "great excitement in the mountains," which is presumed to mean that the confession implicates in the crime some of the members of the Hall faction, which has all along been charged with the killing. If the surmise is true, war in that region is likely to break out at any moment.

James Combs, Jesse Barnet and Chas. Wall were arrested in Breathitt county on suspicion of having murdered John A. Rose some ten days ago in Powell county.

At the examining trial Combs made a full confession, and afterward Barnett did the same. Combs says that he and Barnett were hired by Goodloe Combs, a deputy sheriff of Breathitt county, and cousin of James Combs, to kill Rose, promising to furnish the pistols and to pay each of them $500. He says Goodloe Combs told him that James Hall was to furnish the money.

Doc Hall, a brother of James Hall, was killed by Rose about a year ago. Combs says he and Barnett overtook Rose the day he was killed and had some words with him and then passed on, and hid and shot him when he came up. Wall is held as a witness.

WHITNEY NOT IN IT.

The Ex-Secretary Sees the Handwriting on the Wall.

The appended dispatch from ex-Secretary William C. Whitney was received at New York, on August 2. It completely disposes of the rumors that have been current for several months past that Mr. Whitney has an ambition to be the Democratic candidate for President in 1892 and was already at work to accomplish that object. Mr. Whitney is clearly no longer an available candidate for the Democracy. His telegram, which is as follows, speaks for itself:

LENOX, Mass., July 31.

To the Editor of the *New York Times:*

An item is going the rounds of the press to the effect that a weekly newspaper is about to be established at Washington in my interest as a candidate for the presidency. Be kind enough to publish that it is absolutely without foundation. I am not and shall not be a candidate for the nomination to that office or to any other. There are men in the Democratic party much better entitled to its honors than I am, and I expect to help the best man to win. The item is absurd on its face and I object to being thought capable of such nonsense.

W. C. WHITNEY.

SPOKANE FALLS BURNED.

The Ruin of the Whole City Believed to Have Been Wrought.

The city of Spokane Falls, W. T., was burned to the ground by the fire which started on the night of August 4. Spokane was one of the most prominent of the many new cities in the infant state of Washington. Situated on the line of Northern Pacific railroad, close to the Cour 'd Alene mining region, the city has been the site for many large industrial establishments, such as smelters and kindred enterprises. Expensive public edifices had also been recently erected, and the population was easily supporting two prosperous daily papers.

The business district of Spokane was in a strip between the Northern Pacific railroad tracks and the Spokane river. This strip was five squares across, and extended about seven squares in length. It was solidly built up with brick and stone structures, the cost of which varied from $25,000 to $125,000.

Ten banking houses, five hotels, the opera-house and many wholesale establishments doing a business, estimated at half a million dollars, were situated within the district described. The estimate of a $30,000,000 loss is believed here to be exaggerated. Half that amount is thought to be nearer the actual figure, assuming that the reported complete destruction of the city is correct.

The population of Spokane was about 20,000. The city possessed an excellent water works modelled after the Holly system, with a capacity of 9,000,000 gallons daily. There were no fire engines, but that by the system in use, five or six good-sized streams of water could be concentrated on any block in case of fire. The fire department was a volunteer one. As to insurance, the best information here is that no large amounts were carried.

Buildings that cost $30,000 to $40,000 are known to have had but $9,000 to $10,-000 insurance. The chief losses, as nearly as can be inferred from the reports that have reached Helena, were as follows: Holley, Mason, Marks & Co., wholesale hardware, $125,000; the Great Eastern wholesale and retail dry goods house, $100,000; the "White House" wholesale dry goods house, $80,000; Lowenburg Bros., $100,000; Benham & Griffiths, wholesale grocers, $40,000; Mason, Smith & Co., grocers, $40,000; Pacific hotel, $40,000; Grand hotel, $40,000; Windsor, $25,000; Hyde block, $75,000; Washington block, $65,000; Crescent, $30,000; Cannon block, $20,000; Moore block, $30,000; First National block $25,000; Wolverton block, $25,000; Frankfort block, $125,-000; Tull block, $75,000.

Several people are known to have perished in the flames, and several more were injured by leaping from wind

WASHINGTON NEWS.

UNCLE SAM'S GOLD.

Condition of the Public Debt at the End of July.

The following is a recapitulation of the public debt statement issued Aug. 2:

Interest Bearing Debt.

Bonds at 4½ per cent	$135,044,950.00
Bonds at 4 per cent	376,081,100.00
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	118,740.00
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000.00
Pacific railroad bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,517.00
Principal	$889,868,302.00
Interest	5,523,584.96
Total	$895,391,886 96

Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.

Principal	$ 1,904,255.26
Interest	153,484.72
Total	$ 2,057,739.98

Debt Bearing No Interest.

Old demand and legal tender notes	346,737,458.50
Certificates of deposit	17,575,000.00
Gold certificates	118,541,409.00
Silver certificates	259,557,125.00
Fractional currency, less $8,375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,916,690.47
Principal	749,327,682.97

Total Debt.

Principal balance	1,641,100,240.23
Interest	5,677,069.68
Total balance	1,646,777,309.91
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	503,256,286.71
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000.00
Total	$503,256,286.71
Total debt—less available cash items	1,143,521,023.20
Net cash in the treasury	65,857,090.20
Debt less cash in the treasury Aug. 1, 1889	1,077,663,930.96
Debt less cash in the treasury July 1, 1889	1,076,646,621.40
Decrease of debt during the month	1,017,311.51
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1888	1,017,311.51

Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.

Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	118,541,419.00
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	259,557,125.00
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	17,575,000.00
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	7,581,324.94
Total available for reduction of the debt	403,256,286.71

Reserve Fund.

Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of June 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000

Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.

Fractional silver coin	$ 25,012,876.59
Minor coin	245,555.90
Total	$ 25,283,432.49
Certificates held as cash	40,351,214.00
Net cash balance on hand	65,857,090.24
Total cash in treasury as shown by the treasurer's general account	$034,273,023.44

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made by President Harrison.

The President made the following appointments on Aug. 5:

EDWARD F. HOBART, of New Mexico, to be surveyor-general of New Mexico.

JOSEPH A. CLARK, of Maine, to be pension agent at Augusta, Me.

CALVIN G. TOWNSEND, of Michigan, to be principal clerk of the public lands in the general Land office.

ISAAC B. CONWELL, of Indiana, to be principal clerk on private land claims in the general Land office.

WILLIAM T. HARRIS, of Massachusetts, to be commissioner of education.

WILLIAM H. H. HART, of Indiana, to be third auditor of the treasury.

JOHN T. BANKING, of Pennsylvania, to be deputy auditor of the treasury for the postoffice department.

WALTER H. JOHNSON, of Georgia, to be collector of internal revenue for the district of Georgia.

EUGENE A. WEBSTER, of South Carolina, to be collector of internal revenue for the district of South Carolina.

GEORGE W. BENEDICT, of Vermont, to be collector of customs for the district of Vermont.

COLUMBUS C. WIMBISH, of Georgia, to be surveyor of customs for the port of Atlanta, Ga.

JOHN F. PAYTON, of Louisiana, to be naval officer of customs in the district of New Orleans.

JOSEPH H. KIBBY, of Arizona, to be associate justice of the Supreme court of the Territory of Arizona.

GEORGE W. JOLLY, of Kentucky, to be attorney of the United States for the district of Kentucky.

WILLIAM GRANT, of Louisiana, to be attorney for the United States for the eastern district of Louisiana.

PETER WILLIAMS, of Florida, to be marshal of the United States for the southern district of Florida.

To be registers of the Land office:

WM. H. McCANN, of Nebraska, at Chadron, Nebraska.

JULIAN H. BRIGHAM, of Alabama, at Montgomery, Ala.

WM. A. F. MAY, of Arkansas, at Dardelle, Arkansas.

To be receivers of public monies:

T. FRANK POWERS, of Nebraska, at Chadron, Neb.

AMERICUS NEELY, of Arkansas, at Little Rock, Ark.

NATHAN H. ALEXANDER, of Alabama, at Montgomery, Ala.

To be Indian agents:

ROBERT ASHLEY, of Nebraska, at the Omaha and Winnebago agency in Nebraska.

C. W. CROUSE, of Indiana, at the Pima agency in Arizona.

THOS. J. MOORE, of Missouri, at the Quaw-paw agency in the Indian Territory.

CHAS. E. ADAMS, of Maryland, at the Kiowa agency in the Indian Territory.

OUT OF HIS SHELL.

An Oyster Finds His Head Cut Off and Then Kicks.

The official head of one E. W. Oyster was severed on July 31, by Public Printer Palmer. Oyster was foreman in the room in which the patent office specifications were set up, a very nice position, which has now gone to a good Republican who is equally as competent as Oyster.

In a general way Oyster says he was removed because he was prominent in labor union circles and not because of his politics. He says he is neither Democrat or Republican. It is known, however, beyond question, that he openly advocated Cleveland's election on the two occasions when the fat man from Buffalo ran for the presidency.

This of itself should have been sufficient reason for his removal, but the probabilities are it would not have been. Oyster's real crime was the compilation of that disreputable piece of campaign literature, Harrison's alleged record on the Chinese question. No one regrets his discharge but himself.

IRRIGATION COMMITTEE.

Senators Stewart and Reagan Address the Citizens of South Dakota.

The United States Senate committee on Irrigation, of which Senator Stewart, of Nevada, is chairman, arrived at Sioux Falls, S. D., on August 3. A meeting was held in the hall of the Constitutional convention, which body took an adjournment for a time in order that its members might have an opportunity of appearing before the committee to give their view and importance of the practicability of irrigation in South Dakota.

There was entire unanimity of opinion that the agricultural developments of the forthcoming state would be greatly aided by a judicious system of irrigation. In the course of the proceedings the fact was developed that in the eastern part of South Dakota, north of Sioux Falls, there are a large number of shallow lakes, or lagoons, comprising a drainage area of one hundred thousand acres, capable of utilization for one or more reservoirs for the storage of water.

At the conclusion of the afternoon hearing Senators Stewart and Reagan, by invitation of the convention, addressed its members at some length on the general subject of irrigation. Both senators, being ardent bi-metallists, added a word in favor of silver. In the evening the committee held a session in the railroad car and heard the statements of a delegation of gentlemen from Madison and other parts of South Dakota who had come to represent their respective sections.

Special Delivery on Sunday.

For the first time there was a special delivery of letters at New York on Sunday Aug. 5. Postmaster Van Cott holds so long as a fee of 10 cents for special delivery is collected, the special service should be rendered, irrespective of the day of the week. The general office was open from 9 until 11 a. m., during which hours quite a number of letters for special delivery were received. This Sunday delivery will be continued.

BEHRING SEA.

THE BLACK DIAMOND.

The Black Diamond Disobeys the Orders of the Cutter Rush.

Instead of going to Sitka, as ordered by the United States cutter Rush, the Black Diamond sailed into Victoria on August 3, and gave the following account of the seizure:

"July 11 we got in a catch of 53 seals. At 4. p. m. we sighted the revenue cutter Rush. She came up to us and ordered us to heave-to. We did so. The chief officer came aboard and demanded our papers. We refused to give them to him, and he then got a screw-driver and screwed off the hinges on the locks in the cabin, took the papers and 105 seal skins and all Indian spears and ten bags of salt.

"Then he put John Hawkins, an able seaman, aboard with instructions to us not to interfere as sailing master. As soon as the Rush was lost sight of a southwest course was steered right for Victoria. Hawkins from the first saw it was impossible to attempt to take charge affairs in his own hands, and consequently lay in his bunk nearly the whole time, not attempting to interfere."

John Hawkins, the American seaman, says he was treated kindly by everybody. When he was put aboard the steamer he said to his officers: "Instead of taking her to Sitka, they may go to Victoria." They did not answer him. Mr. Hammerley, collector of customs here, said he is of the opinion that when Hawkins was put aboard the Black Diamond, the people on the Rush did not care whether she came to Victoria or not as long as she got off the sea and stopped destroying seals. Hawkins has told everything to the American consul here, who has wired the Washington authorities about the matter.

Acting Secretary Wharton Talks on the Situation.

Acting Secretary Wharton was asked by an Associated Press reporter if the state department had anything to say respecting the escape of the British sealer Black Diamond, recently captured by the revenue cutter Rush, and which sailed into Victoria, B. C., a British port, instead of into Sitka, as ordered by the captain of the Rush.

"The department," Mr. Wharton replied, "has not been advised of the seizure of the Black Diamond or of other vessel, has no news whatever upon the subject, and therefore has no statement to make in regard to its future action in the matter."

"Have you seen the statement that it was the desire to let the Black Diamond escape after taking its catch of seals, and therefore but one man was put aboard her from the Rush?"

"No," said Mr. Wharton, "I have not seen that statement and have no means of knowing that it is true or false." Continuing Mr. Wharton said: "This whole matter of the seizure of these vessels, so far as it has gone is under the control and direction of the treasury department. If there is any blame attaching to these seizures it must be laid at the doors of congress. It passed a law directing the President to issue his proclamation extending to the American waters in Behring sea, the same protection over the seal and other fur bearing animals as is accorded the fur bearing inhabitants of Alaska and the waters thereof, by the customs officers, and that law is simply being enforced. That is what we are here for to carry out the laws that Congress enacts. So far this question has not become an international one. The state department has not been informed officially of any part of the proceedings and therefore has nothing to act upon."

TWO TRAINS ROBBED.

An Express Train Captured by the Thieves.

At 2 o'clock on the morning of Aug. 4, six masked men stopped the Ft. Worth & Denver mail and express, south bound, beween the Cheyenne water tank and Tascosa. Three men got on the locomotive and compelled the engineer to pull away from the passenger coaches, which had been detached by the robbers and left under guard of the other three.

After going half a mile they compelled the engineer to get off the locomotive and bring a pick to force open the door of the express car.

Express Messenger March, seeing what was up, closed the door to his car, and put out the lights in the car, first secreting all the express packages but three. The robbers, coming to the car, ordered him to open it, and fired into it. The engineer worked away with his pick until he got the door partly open, when a torch was pushed into the opening, and a revolver pointed at Marsh, who was ordered to open up or be killed.

Marsh opened the door and three packages were stolen, but the Pacific Express company people say very little money was secured. The robbers then went to the mail car and compelled Route Agent Wolcott to open his car. He had bidden all his registered mail but one letter under a sack and turned his lights out. The robbers got the one package and then opened the mail pouches and scattered the contents over the floor.

After doing the work they ordered the engineer to put out the torch and pull out. When they left the authorities in the neighboring counties were notified and are in pursuit. It is said that the total amount stolen is less than $2,000. The passengers are greatly frightened, but not one of them was molested in any way. Cheyenne is 375 miles northwest from Ft. Worth.

Bold Robbery In One of the St. Paul Sleeping Cars.

Two men went through the St. Paul sleeper Harlem, on the Wabash road, on the night of August 4. At the command, "Hold up your hands!" the passengers turned to ascertain the source, and looked into the threatening muzzles of two revolvers. Hands went up. The cautionary words that followed were not necessary: "The first one that offers resistance will be shot down by our man on the platform." There was no man on the platform, but the passengers submitted as quietly as if there had been a legion. There were seven people in the coach, five passengers, the sleeping-car conductor and a porter.

One man "went through" the passengers, one by one, while the other, with his revolver in his extended hand, kept a watchful lookout for signs of opposition. In this way the plunderer secured all the booty he could in his haste, and when it was all over and the robbers had escaped, the passengers found they had been relieved of $175 in cash and two gold watches.

Leaving the St. Paul coach, they started for the next one ahead. On the platform they met the conductor of the train, John Steele. One of the robbers pushed his revolver under the conductor's nose, and with an oath ordered him to hold up his hands. The conductor supposed from the nature of their disguise that a number of railroad men who had taken passage on the train were playing a practical joke on him. And with a laugh he attempted to push past them and enter the sleeper.

Just then a gust of wind swept aside the masks of the robbers, and then he knew that the affair was one of dead earnest. He had no weapon, but he carried his lantern in his hand, and with that he dealt one of the men a vicious blow on the head, smashing the lantern's glass and extinguishing the light. Simultaneously with his assault the other robber fired a shot at him from his revolver. The aim was bad and the bullet missed its mark.

The first robber had by this time recovered himself, and he took a shot at the conductor. His aim was no more precise than his partner's. The robbers then, with one more parting shot, swung off from the steps of the car. As they did so the conductor hurled his lantern after them. The train was running at the rate of 25 miles an hour, too fast for anyone, except under desperate chances, to jump off without injuring himself, and Conductor Roach did not attempt it. He saw the robbers arise and make with all haste for the dirt road that leads to Kansas City. That was the last seen of them.

A Fatal Disease Works Sad Results in the West.

The epidemic of bloody flux at Warsaw, Iowa, has not abated. From reliable citizens it is ascertained that fully sixteen deaths have occurred from the plague within a week. It is impossible to ascertain reliable information concerning the epidemic from physicians or undertakers. They refuse to show the dead list or the lists of patients.

Thirty-One Deaths.

Since June 20 there have been 31 deaths in Whitehall, Ill., from flux, 27 of whom were children. A number of critical cases exists among the adults. Physicians, while vigilant in applying all the remedies known to science, seem helpless in the present calamity to check the spread of the disease or to rescue the little ones from death.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

EMPEROR WILLIAM

Tendered a Grand Reception on His Entry into England.

Brilliant sunshine and cool breezes prevailed at Portsmouth on August 2. The preparations for the reception of Emperor William, of Germany, were completed at an early hour. The town was banesomely decorated and the people were in holiday attire. An enormous flotilla of craft, consisting of war ships and private vessels, covered the harbor, while the shore was densely crowded with people.

The German imperial yacht Hohenzollern, with the emperor on board, steamed slowly toward the harbor.

The Prince of Wales, on board the royal yacht Osborne, started down the harbor to meet the emperor.

When the Osborne approached near the Hohenzollern, the Prince of Wales signaled hearty greetings to the Emperor who responded in a friendly way. The two yachts then passed through lines of ironclads and proceeded to Cowes. All the war vessels were trimmed with bunting and as the yachts passed the yards were manned by seamen.

On reaching Cowes, the Emperor landed at Trinity pier, where the Prince of Wales, who had already landed, welcomed him.

The Emperor and suite, and the Prince of Wales then entered carriages and, accompanied by a military escort, were driven to Osborne, where the Emperor was received by the Queen. The Emperor was entertained at a family dinner in the palace in the evening.

THE SPITHEAD REVIEW.

The German Emperor Is Hustled Into the Arms of His Grandmother.

When the mists had rolled away on August 6, England proceeded to show the Hohenzollerns just how big the bulldog was and how many teeth he had. The breeze was fresh from about sou'-sou'-wes', and pennants and ensigns stood out stiff as boards before the exhilarating wind.

The yachts going outward bent gracefully as the wind freshened or lessened. Ships' launches swaggered bulkily through the water as they breasted the billows, and all the sea was alive with many kinds of craft, in many different sizes, rushing in as many different directions.

On shore, things were equally picturesque. Large crowds of excursionists hastened to their steamers; other large crowds hurried to points of vantage along the shore, and on all the piers and jetties Portsmouth's inhabitants and visitors were putting to sea in a multitude of many thousands.

Away out in the channel gracefully reposed the bulwark of England's supremacy on the sea. It was an imposing sight, almost beyond the comprehension of even the sea-faring man, who is accustomed to naval displays.

Stretching well down the reach were 112 of the staunchest ships of war manned by 23,000 bold British warriors.

They were the most imposing sight collectively and the most impressive sight individually. For hours before the big ships of Germany arrived to greet and past them they were objects of great interest to all kinds of craft approaching as near to them as the black lipped scowls of the heavy cannon made them feel inclined.

Inspected closely, these great castles of floating metal, with black hulls and yellow upper works, really looked all the millions they have cost. They were in all the styles of naval architecture which have resulted from the constant changes of the last 30 years. They were shapeless and shapely symmetrical. Some of them were decked in and others displayed an amount of complex hamper in the upper works that would disappear into shootings early in an engagement. There were iron hulls and steel hulls, simple, compound and triple expansion engines, single screws and twin screws, broadside and central battery ships, barbettes and monitors.

Every vessel represented a lot of new facts in plating and armament that required a liberal education to comprehend and close study of several sciences to grasp, but they all looked excessively injurious to a foreign power, and as if they had the capacity to do harm that was intelligent to the worst informed amateur. The long, lean, black cannon peeped from portholes, stuck out of gray iron sponsons, projected from turrets or lay in pairs upon barbettes.

Lines of marines in red coats stood with their rifles perpendicular on the decks. Solitary sentries in red paced the sides and walked the bridges. Brilliantly dressed officers in gold laced caps, dark blue coats with gold braid, white trousers and patent leather shoes were on every deck. With them were their lady guests in dresses of white, pink and pale blue, perched among the cannon like birds in a gun shop, lending to the picture a touch of feminine frivolity in strong contrast with the deadly portent of their surroundings.

PUT THEM TO ROUT.

The Dervishes Overthrown—A Slaughter of Soldiers.

Gen. Greenfeli, in his official report of the battle of August 3, says that the dervishes made repeated and desperated charges upon his men. They were met by the infantry in line of battle, supported by the 20th Hussars and the Egyptian cavalry. The Egyptian horse artillery did excellent service. The Dervishes numbered 3,000 fighting men. The British troops will now return to Cairo.

The Egyptians killed and wounded number 100. The Khedive has sent congratulations to General Greenfeli. It has been decided that a permanent occupation of Sarras is necessary for the protection of the frontier. A movement upon Dongola is deemed useless unless the government assent to the views of the English generals that Berber should be held as the true key to the Soudan.

Gen. Grenfell, commander of the Egyptian troops, who defeated the dervishes on August 3, telegraphs that he has made a reconnoisance and found that the battle has completely broken the dervish army. Out of the force of 8,000 men which Mad-al-Jumi took into battle on August 3, only a few remain. These are being pursued by Eyptian cavalry, and a column under Col. Wodehouse has gone to Abu-Simbel to heal off the retreating dervishes.

Every emir in the deverish army save one was killed. The bodies of several hundred dervishes and a large number of wounded, making a thousand in all, have been brought into Toski. Refugees are arriving at that town.

The Egyptian loss in the battle was 17 killed and 130 wounded. Three British soldiers were wounded.

Official News Goes Slow.

In the House of Commons on August 2, Sir James Ferguson, parliamentary secretary to the foreign office, said that no authentic information as yet reached the government regarding the seizure of British vessels in Behring sea by the United States government. He also said that no understanding had been arrived at in regard to the jurisdiction of the Berhing Sea.

Foreign Troubles.

The correspondent of the London *Times* at Constantinople says that M. Spuller, French minister of foreign affairs, intimated to M. Delyanni, Grecian minister to France, that France is disposed to support a solution of the Cretan crisis in favor of Greece. The correspondent further says that the king of Greece was partly induced by this attitude of the French government to visit the Paris exhibition.

The Sultan Displeased.

The Sultan is displeased at the attitude of the insurgents in Crete and has decided to suppress the insurrection, even if it has to be done by force.

Foreign Rows.

Intelligence has been received of a fight in Acheen, Sumatra, between natives and a force of Dutch troops. Nineteen Dutchmen were killed and 22 wounded.

Peculiar Cattle Disease.

A new and somewhat serious cattle disease has broken out in two or three herds near Lincoln, Neb. So far it has baffled all efforts to relieve it. It is spreading. It begins by a swelling of the eyes, which become so thoroughly inflamed that blindness follows in a few days. The gatherings break, leaving a small round pimple on the eye-ball and the beast totally blind. A fever accompanies the disease, and the milk of the cows is unfit for use. The cattle owners of this vicinity are greatly alarmed, and the utmost preautions are being taken to prevent the further spread of the disease.

Recent Deaths.

In Harbor Creek, Pa., General John Kilpatrick, aged 68; Prof. John Kendrick, of Marietta College, Ohio, is dead, aged 86; at the Isles of Shoals, July 30, ex-United States Senator Edward H. Rollins, aged 65; in Omaha, Neb., Joseph W. Gannett, auditor of the Union Pacific; Lieutenant Peppenbeck, the African explorer, is dead, of fever, at Cameroons; Rev. Horatio Bonar, the Scotch hymn writer, is dead aged 71.

THE NEW STATES.

WASHINGTON.

What the Constitutional Convention is Arguing Over.

Petitions and remonstrances against the restrictive anti-corporation legislation continue to pour into the convention from all sides, and are having the effect of materially changing the opinion of the delegates on these points. A preamble was adopted on August 1, reciting that "we, the people of the state of Washington, thanking the Supreme Being of the Universe for our liberties, do ordain this constitution."

The military article also passed a final reading. The convention then took up the report of the committee on state, county and municipal indebtedness. The first clause, limiting the indebtedness of the state to $400,000, was passed after an animated discussion lasting several hours. The debts of cities, towns, counties and school districts is limited to one and a half per cent of the assessed value of the property, except on a three-fifth vote of the people, when it can be increased to 5 per cent; a further increase of 5 per cent is allowed for sewers, water-works or lighting by a three-fifth vote.

Two important committee reports were handed in on August 2. One provides that the water of every natural stream is for the use of the people. When the supply is not sufficient for all purposes, it shall be first used for domestic purposes other than agricultural, and lastly manufacturing purposes; the right to run ditches, flumes and sluices for agricultural or mining purposes is guaranteed on the payment for the private property taken. The other report was from the land committee. It declared that all public lands are held by the state for the people.

The right of navigation over tide lands is guaranteed; public lands are to be sold only at auction, to the highest bidder, at not less than the appraised value, no more than one-third shall be sold before 1895, and no more than two-thirds before 1900. The lands within corporate limits of the city or town, or within a mile of their limits, worth not less than $200 per acre, shall be divided into blocks of not more than five acres each, only one block being sold at any time. The timber on the land must be sold at its full appraised value.

The minority report recommends that persons occupying shore lands shall have prior right of purchase. This latter report will undoubtedly cause lengthy and bitter debate. A section was adopted forbidding all subsidies. An amendment that this should not be construed to prevent the grants of rights of way and terminal facilities to railroads was also beaten, the vote being—ayes 31, noes 41.

A section in the article on corporations requiring foreign corporations doing business in Washington to have books in the state with a complete record of the business transactions open to inspection, was defeated by a large vote. Another section providing for an elective board of railway commissioners who shall have absolute control of all transportation companies was a subject of animated debate and is likely to be defeated, as petitions from many boards of trade and city councils are pouring in against it. A number of other sections in the article on corporations was adopted.

On August 3, The committee on amendments presented a report that the amendments to the constitution shall be adopted when passed by a two-thirds vote of the legislature and ratified by a majority vote of the people. An article ceding the jurisdiction to the United States for all military and naval reservation was passed; also an article on prohibition, which is to be submitted to a vote of the people as a separate proposition. It forbids the manufacture or sale of liquor except for medicinal, scientific or sacramental purposes. The vote was 35 ayes to 11 noes in favor of the article as a separate proposition from the body of the constitution.

The committee on Revenue reported. It limits the state taxation to three mills on the dollar, exempts public property and buildings for public worship, public libraries, charitable institutions, graveyards, and $250 of personal property to the heads of families. The amount of mortgage on property is to be taken from its assessed value.

The Legislative committee also reported to the lower house to have not less than 63 nor more than 9 members, and the Senate is to have half to one-third that number. The first legislature will have 35 Senators and 70 members. The Senators hold office for four years, the Members for two. Sessions are bi-ennial, limited to 60 days.

Aliens are forbidden to hold any property, but mines and corporations the majority of whose stock is held by aliens come under the same proscription. The legislature is forbidden to pass special laws incorporating towns, changing county lines, remitting fines, giving effect to wills or other documents, legalizing invalid acts of officials, declaring persons of age for adoption of children, and in any case where general laws can be enacted. Convict labor, except on public works, is forbidden after January, 1890.

A bureau of statistics and immigration is established. The convention then spent the afternoon session considering section 21 of the article of corporations, establishing a railroad commission, and defeated it, although power is given to the legislature to create one if desired. Another section was adopted, forbidding any railroad company from giving greater privilege to one telegraph company than to another, or refusing to grant right of way for the construction of telegraph lines along road, and also obliging telegraph companies to receive business offered by another company the same as other public carriers. Monopolies, or trusts, are defined, and strongly forbidden.

NORTH DAKOTA.

The Convention Down to Business and Working Hard.

The memorial to Congress praying that the general government take steps toward establishing a system of irrigation through artesian wells, has excited much comment, and facts are brought forth to prove that the scheme is feasible. Admitting, as scientists do, that the supply for the artesian well in the James river valley comes from the Rocky Mountain basin can also supply wells throughout the Missouri valley, Bismarck and Mandan being about 1,700 feet above the sea, while Bozeman, Mont., is 4,752, thus giving a fall of 3,000 feet in a distance by rail of 581 miles.

In the committee of the whole the question of selling the school lands was finally settled by providing that school lands shall not be sold in tracts of less than 160 acres. The purchaser pays one-fifth down and the remaining four-fifths in five, ten, fifteen and twenty years.

Roulfe, of Benson, threw a fire brand by offering an amendment to the article on suffrage, providing that after five years no man who is not a full citizen of the United States shall have the right to vote. This brought the orators to their feet and many opposed the amendment.

The report of the committee on Elective Franchise was considered again on August 1, and the woman suffrage question furnished a most interesting discussion. The woman suffragists have asked that the legislature be given power to extend suffrage to women, and it was upon this point that the orators crossed swords. Judge Carland made a forcible argument, not as a suffragist but as a believer in treating all alike in the constitution, in favor of granting the request of the female politicians.

Messrs. Parsons, of Morton; Moer, of Lamour, and numerous other delegates opposed the proposition, and insisted on having the question settled by a vote of the people. The convention agreed to give the legislature power to extend.

The action of the committee of the whole in deciding in favor of holding three terms of the Supreme court at the capital was changed on August 2 by voting that one term should be held each year at the capital at Fargo and at Grand Forks.

The motion to make the office of clerk of the Supreme court elective was defeated by a vote of 46 to 20.

Mr. Williams, of Burleigh, introduced a resolution that the homestead and exemption laws of the territory shall never be repealed by the state, but it was jumped on by nearly every delegate and was defeated by an almost unanimous vote.

Mr. Allin, of Walsh, moved that the salary of the governor be $2,500, instead of $3,000, as provided in the report of the committee, and that the lieutenant governor's salary be reduced from $1,000 to an amount equal to twice the amount of a state senator, which would be $600. This amendment was also defeated, and the salary of governor and lieutenant governor remain at $3,000 and $1,000, respectively.

The Saturday night session of the constitutional convention was interesting, especially to railroads and other corporations, the evening being passed in a discussion of the proposition giving the legislature power to fix passenger and freight rates, and to regulate the charges on sleeping cars, express, telephone and telegraph companies. After a spirited debate, in which amendments giving the courts the power to decide what rates should be charged, the farmers won, and the committee of the whole adopted the original proposition.

Before the convention finally adopts the article another strong effort will be made to amend it. The only business transacted on August 5, was the meeting of the Senate commission on irrigation and reclamation of arid lands. The convention was addressed by Senator Stewart, of Nevada, chairman of the committee, who, at the close of his remarks on irrigation, took occasion to get in his best licks on the silver question. He was followed by Senator Reagan, of Texas, and Maj. Powell, of the United States geological survey, who advised the convention to so frame the constitution that no companies, individuals or corporations could own or control the water supply. He said that all ownership should be in land, and that no man should have control of the water as separate from the land.

MONTANA.

The Progress Made in Shaping the Constitution.

In the convention the suffrage bill, with amendments by the committee of the whole, was taken up on July 31. More desperate efforts were made on behalf of woman suffrage, but the vote was a tie. This relegates woman suffrage to oblivion for the present. The suffrage bill was then submitted as amended, and adopted, 61 to 6.

The convention considered the article on revenue and taxation. It exempts all church, public property and libraries. The legislature may pass general laws for taxation of any property mines, to be taxed according to value paid the United States for the same. The machinery is subject to a special taxation, as private property, and cannot be sold for taxes. The limit of taxation is 3 mills. If assessed property over $100,000,000, two and one-half; if over $300,000,000, one and one-half on the dollar. The action giving the legislature power to make up the deficit of one year of taxation in the following year was lost. Misappropriation of public funds by officers will disqualify the offender for ten years from holding office. The bill was accepted.

The convention in committee of the whole, on August 2, considered a bill on miscellaneous subjects. Another skirmish was held over the words "so help me God" in official oaths. They were finally inserted. Section 4, relating to laws governing fires arising from railway locomotives, called out an animated discussion, and was carried by a tie vote.

Section 10, relating to the issuing of free passes by railroad companies to state officers or members of the legislature, was discussed at length, after which the convention took up the proposition on the taxation of irrigating canals and ditches of companies or individuals. The mining and farming interests were divided on the subject.

A provision barring United States officers from holding state offices, was lost.

The legislature was empowered, by a vote of two-thirds of both Houses, to revise or amend the constitution and submit the amendments to a vote of the people, amendments not to exceed three in number at any one time.

The convention, on August 3, considered an amendment to the bill on miscellaneous subjects. A section was passed prohibiting legislators, members of the judiciary and boards of equalization, from accepting passes from railroads under penalty of forfeiture of office and emoluments. In the afternoon the legislative department bill was taken up and numerous amendments considered. A proposition for the apportionment of the state into senatorial districts—one for each county—brought out a heated party debate, republicans and democrats accusing each other of party divisions. The convention finally adjourned without taking a vote.

The proposition recommended by the finance committee allowing cities to incur debts for water supplies passed on August 5. Six other measures recommended by the same committee were ordered printed. The article on miscellaneous subjects came up for final consideration.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Party Lines Drawn Taut in South Dakota.

In the South Dakota convention on Aug. 3, the consideration of the report of the schedule committee was resumed. The schedule as reported provides for election of state officers in October next, whose term of office will not expire until January, 1892. County officers are to be elected in November, 1890, and every two years thereafter. By this arrangement South Dakota will have a general election every year.

Steps were taken in the committee to avoid this, but it was decided that the convention had no power to elect state officers in October next, whose terms of office should expire before the time prescribed in the constitution. When the section covering this point was reached an amendment was offered making the terms expire in 1891. After a lengthy debate it was defeated, and the question of the power of the convention under the omnibus bill again arose.

The point in dispute was as to whether the election in October is to be under the constitution or simply an election provided by the enabling act until after the state is admitted. The matter was debated pro and con, but no decision was reached.

South Dakota Adjourns.

The convention met on Aug. 5 for its last session. The only work done was the auditing of the expenses of the convention and the signing of the constitution. Seventy-two of the 75 members were present and affixed their signatures to the document. There was a reception and banquet last night in honor of the delegates.

The work of the convention meets with universal approval.

IDAHO.

The Convention's Labors Drawing to a Close.

The Idaho convention is fast approaching the end of its labors, having adopted most of the articles reported by the committees. The Mormons were not relieved from military duty. Armed forces of detectives will not be permitted to enter the state to suppress violence without the consent of the state. The use of the bible is forbidden in public schools.

The bill of rights was subjected to a general discussion, on August 2, and was finally passed.

A strong resolution was adopted on August 6 asking President Harrison to take steps to prevent the free importation of Mexican lead. They will decide upon the election of state officers after the constitution has been accepted by Congress. The proposition for such an election, and the time for notification caused a warm discussion.

Mays Succeeds.

An election was held in the Cherokee nation, on August 5, for members of the legislature. Two tickets were in the field, the Downing ticket being composed of Chief Mays's delegates, and the National ticket supporters of Ex-Chief Bushyhead. The indications are that a majority of Chief Mays's men were elected, thus changing the complexion of the legislature, which now has a majority against the chief. The result of the election is construed here as a fatal blow to the object of the Cherokee commission, to which Mays and his supporters are very hostile.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

THE GREAT LIVER AND STOMACH REMEDY

For the cure of all disorders of the STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, LOSS of APPETITE, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, COSTIVENESS, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER, INFLAMMATION of the BOWELS, PILES and all derangements of the Internal Viscera, Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or Deleterious Drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing

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SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the system rendered less liable to contract diseases. Sold by all Druggists. Price, 25c. a box. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren Street, New York.

THE SIOUX RESERVATION.

Will Be Opened—The Indians Have Signed.

The requisite number of signatures for the opening of the great Sioux reservation was finally secured on Aug. 5. The sensation of the day was the signing by Chief Gall. Gall made no speech as was expected, but with his faithful followers around him and in the presence of those whom for years he had influenced against giving up the lands he marched silently to the roll, touched the pen and amid the applause of the friendly Indians and the disapproving grunts of the Sitting Bull band, it was announced that Gall had signed.

This settled it. The Blackfeet and Upper and Lower Yanktonians followed Gall and signed with a rapidity and eagerness that proved the wonderful influence of this powerful chief. All day the Indians signed, and now the 11,000,000 acres of land to which the whites have been looking longingly for years, are theirs. The commissioners are rejoiced over their success. Gall was sought out by a correspondent. "I have given my consent," said he. "My Indians have signed because I told them the government could take our lands for nothing if it wanted to. The whites have now got our lands, and I expect they will be satisfied and let us live in peace in the future."

John Grass said he had been holding out for better terms, but when he found that the Indians at the lower agency were signing he thought it best to do so. "We hope," he added, "to receive such help from the government and the white people as to cause us to become like them—civilized. Sitting Bull is utterly worthless to us and keeps us back more than he helps us.

"He is of no consequence to us, and if the whites think so much of him they had better come and get him. He never was a chief, and is always noisy and making trouble. He has gathered around him a band of bad men, having no idea of civilization, and all he seems to want is notoriety. He is not only opposed to the present treaty, but always opposed so civilization and always will be a nasty man to get along with."

"What is the general idea of the Indians regarding civilization—do they want it or not?"

"Yes, we want to be civilized and live like white people. We want to earn our living and be as the whites; but so long as we have the disturber and his band influence to contend with, we can not accomplish much."

"What do you think of Gov. Foster's idea of having industrial schools at the agency?"

"It is a good one. If the government would build big houses where they could teach our young men to make wagons, harness, shoes and clothes for ourselves, and teach them the white people's language besides, it would be good and we would like it. I hope they will do this; it would be so as long and your young men employment, instead of leaving them to loaf around their camps, making mischief."

Sitting Bull, when asked what he believed the effect of opening the reservation on the Indians would be, exclaimed: "Don't talk to me about Indians. There are no Indians left, except those in my band. They are all dead, and they who are still among the clothes of warriors are only squaws. I am sorry for my followers, who have been defeated and their land taken from them."

It is learned that the Indians have all along doubted that the government had the power to take their lands, without paying what they asked, and not until John Grass became satisfied of this point by consultation with lawyers in Bismarck did he consent to accept the treaty.

Hundreds of settlers have been camped on the eastern bank of the Missouri during the last two months, awaiting the success of the commission, and although for several weeks they were despondent, they are now jubilant and are receiving telegrams from friends all over the country giving notice of favorable reports. It is predicted that the rush to the reservation will be greater than the Oklahoma stampede, as the land is of much better quality and the prospects for prosperity brighter.

Gen. Crook said the commissioners hope to close their reports within a few weeks, and place everything in readiness for formal opening of the reservation. There is some fear that a premature rush of whites to the lands will cause much trouble between the Indians and the settlers, as there will be for some time many points of dispute as to boundary lines and survey. Sitting Bull, who, although in the minority, has a sufficient number of followers to make a vast amount of trouble, and will require close watching until they resign themselves to the order of things.

MINERAL PALACE.

The Company Organized to Push the Project to Completion.

The directors of the Colorado Mineral Palace association organized and elected officers and an executive committee, at Pueblo, Col., Aug. 2. The company is capitalized at $100,000. The directors are capitalists of Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo. The meeting appointed as Secretary Thomas Nelson, who engineered the Fort Worth spring palace.

The work of construction is to begin at once, the site having been already secured. It will be a great building, the framework being completely concealed outside and inside with ores of all kinds, mineral specimens, coal, iron, steel and copper. The interior will represent tunnels, drifts, shafts and smelters.

BESSEMER STEEL.

Reports of Production for the First Half of the Year.

The American Iron & Steel association, of Philadelphia, has ascertained from reports from the manufacturers that the total production of Bessemer steel ingots in the United States in the first half of 1889 amounted to 1,268,496 gross tons of 2,240 pounds, against 1,275,189 gross tons in the last half of 1888 and 1,235,971 tons in the first half of 1888.

The association also reports that the quantity of all kinds of sizes of Bessemer steel rails rolled by the Bessemer steel producing works of the country in the first half of 1889 was